

VOL. 4 NO. 2

MAY 1944

Shadow

COMICS

10c



SHADOW'S WEIRDEST CASE

THE BRAIN OF NIPPON

JAPAN'S ETERNAL EVIL GENIUS

"I Will Show YOU . . . HOW TO BUILD A **MIGHTY** BODY using my quick, easy methods," says George F. Jowett

I want to help you to develop mighty muscles — arms with the power to obey your will — a big, strong, muscular back that "pocks a punch" — a deep "barrel" chest arched with power — a powerful grip that crushes — and legs that are real props of tireless leaping power! A real he-man's body that men will respect and women will admire!

George F. Jowett, winner of many world contests for strength and physical perfection! He actually holds more strength records than any living athlete or Teacher!



THIS IS WHAT YOU GET IN EACH OF THE FIVE JOWETT BOOKS!

- 1 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM.** This book shows you how to develop a pair of chain-breaking biceps. Why not get an arm of might with the power and grip to obey your physical desire? George F. Jowett gives you his secret methods of strength development, illustrated and explained as you like them.
- 2 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK.** Look at George F. Jowett pictured above. Note the big spread and inspiring waist. Let him help you build a back of power, square slim shoulders with the enviable military spread.
- 3 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST.** Tells you how to make your chest a real power house of vital energy—with slaps of muscles to protect your heart and lungs. If you have a narrow, sunken chest, bare ribs, sparrow or chicken chest, he will show you how to improve it so that you will be proud to show it off!
- 4 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP.** A complete course that will show how you can get a grip of steel! What would you give for a forearm with a bone crushing grip? Wrists thickened with live steel! Cabined fingers strong as steel pieces. A hand like an iron vice—yet sensitive.
- 5 HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS.** Now you can have the all around he-man strength and good looks of the pupils shown on this page. What Jowett has done for them and thousands of others, he can do for you. He increased his thighs by 8 inches, his calves by 5 inches by this simple, unobtainable method. He will help you build legs with tireless power!

FREE!



JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN

With your order for Jowett's famous Courses in book form, you will receive this valuable book FREE, at no extra charge. If you send the Coupon today! It tells the enthralling life story of George Jowett—sets forth the Rules of constructive living which have made Jowett the "Champion of Champions." Contains many fascinating photos of strong men whom George Jowett helped to develop from puny weaklings into superb outstanding athletes and champs!

Send for These
FIVE FAMOUS COURSES Formerly \$5 each
NOW in Book Form ONLY 25c EACH
ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, formerly sold for \$5.00, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to yourself, to your family, and to your COUNTRY, to make yourself physically fit, now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c—and not only that but if you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded! Don't let this opportunity get away from you—send the FREE GIFT COUPON at once, and receive your FREE copy of the Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."



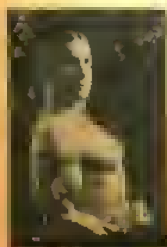
FREE GIFT COUPON!

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 162, N. Y. 1, N. Y.

- Send me the JOWETT Course-Book
George F. Jowett checked below. If not delighted, I may return books (or book) in 10 days and my "Champion" money will be refunded.
☐ I enclose \$..... Send books checked, postage prepaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$..... plus a few cents postage. (No order less than \$1 shipped C.O.D.)
☐ ALL FIVE BOOKS FOR \$1
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Arm (25c)
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Back (25c)
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Chest (25c)
☐ How to Mold a Mighty Grip (25c)
☐ How to Mold Mighty Legs (25c)
☐ Send me the FREE book by Jowett, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron," at no extra cost.

NAME..... AGE.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



A. PASSAMONT
Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.

REX FERRIS
Champion Southern Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett's methods! Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!"



The Shadow MEETS the "BRAIN OF NIPPON"



IN ALL THE GORY HISTORY OF JAPAN, NO TALE HAS BEEN MORE WIDEFOUS THAN THAT OF THE FORTY-SEVEN RONIN, WHOSE REIGN OF SLAUGHTER STILL PLEASES THE BLOODTHIRSTY POPUL-ACE....

FROM THIS ACTUAL STORY HAS BEEN SHAPED THE LEGEND OF THE UNDYING HEAD, **THE BRAIN OF NIPPON**, WHOSE VICIOUS SCHEMES OF FUTURE TERROR CAN BE BALKED ONLY BY.....

THE SHADOW!!!

STORY BY
MAXWELL GRANT
PICTURES BY
CHARLES COLE

IN KOREA, THE JAPANESE GARRISON IS STRENGTHENED IN A PEACEFUL CITY THAT SHOWED NO OUTWARD SIGNS OF REVOLT...



HOW DID THE DETESTABLE INVADERS GUESS OUR PLAN TO OVERTHROW THEM?

I DO NOT KNOW. WE MUST SEND WORD TO THE RED DRAGON!



WORD IS SENT AND RED DRAGON CARRIES IT TO HIS TEACHER, TSOO WONG...

COME, SIT UP HERE AND TELL ME MORE.

AND THE KOREANS CAN NOT UNDERSTAND HOW THEIR PLANS HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED!



FROM YOUR ACCOUNT, I RECOGNIZE NEW STRATEGY IN TOKYO. THE WAR LORDS ARE LEAVING ALL THEIR FUTURE PLANS TO THE GREAT UNSEEN BRAIN OF AMERICA.



I MUST FLASH WORD TO THE WHITE LAMA!



TSOO WONG'S MENTAL MESSAGE SPEEDS FROM HIS CAVE AND REACHES THE CASTLE OF THE WHITE LAMA...



I HEAR,
TSOO
WONG!

THE TIME HAS COME
WHEN I MUST STRIKE
THE GREAT GONG
OF TIBET!



WHAT A RARE
CRYSTAL BALL!
YOU SAY YOU
BROUGHT IT
FROM TIBET,
LAMONT?

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE
WORLD, LAMONT CRANSTON AND
MARGO LANE ARE EXAMINING
A RARE TIBETAN CURIO, WHEN...

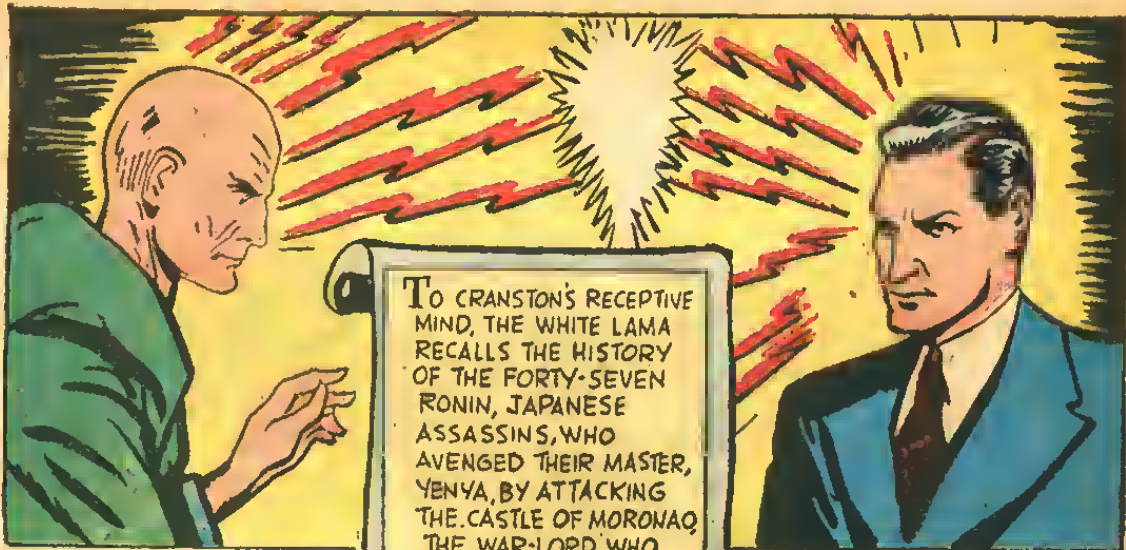
YES. IT IS
SAID TO BE
UNBREAKABLE..



UNBREAKABLE!
WHY IT SHATTERED
JUST AS YOU
SPOKE!

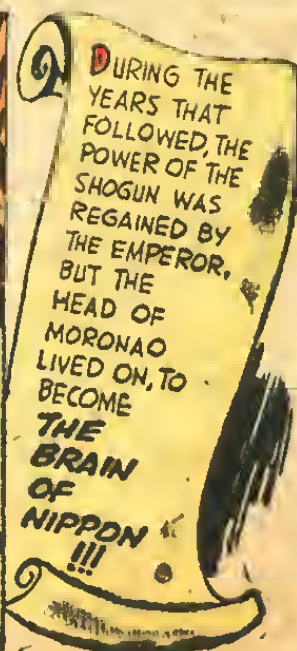
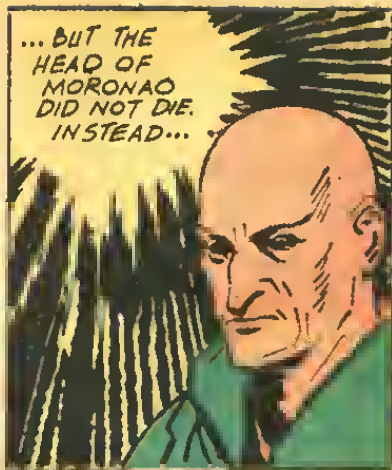
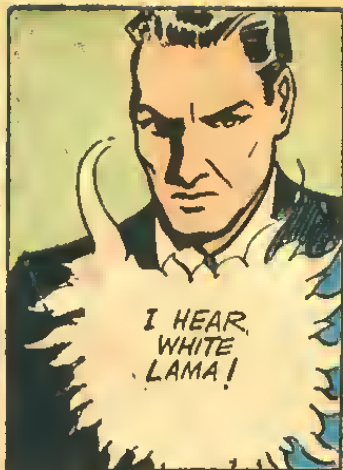
I MUST
CONCENTRATE,
MARGO! THIS
MEANS AN
IMPORTANT
MESSAGE!!





CAPTURED BY THE RONIN, WAR-LORD MORONAO WAS BEHEADED AND HIS HEAD WAS PLANTED ON THE GRAVE OF HIS FORMER RIVAL, YENYA...





SEEK AND DESTROY THE BRAIN OF NIPPON!

WHAT AMAZING THINGS LAMONT IS WRITING, WHILE IN HIS STRANGE TRANCE!

AT LAST YOU'VE SNAPPED OUT OF IT!

THE WHITE LAMA FINISHED HIS MESSAGE. LET ME READ IT, MARGO

THESE ARE CALLED THE VOLCANO ISLANDS. THE BRAIN DWELLS THERE

HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT, LAMONT?

BECAUSE IT IS FROM THEIR GENERAL DIRECTION THAT THE ANCIENT JAPANESE SAW THE SUN RISE

THAT'S WHY THEY CALLED THOSE ISLANDS THE HEAVEN OF THE SUN!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THOSE OTHER GROUPS OF ISLANDS?


ONLY THE VOLCANO ISLANDS DISGORGED FLAME IN ANCIENT DAYS. SUCH WOULD BE SUFFICIENT PROOF THAT THE SUN DWELT THERE!

ALL ABOARD FOR WASHINGTON!

GOOD BYE, LAMONT... AND GOOD LUCK!

DON'T WORRY, MARGO MY STOP AT THE CAPITOL WILL SIMPLY MARK THE BEGINNING OF MY MISSION!

WHILE LAMONT CRANSTON, OTHERWISE **THE SHADOW**, IS PLANNING A LONG-RANGE THRUST AT THE UNSEEN BRAIN OF NIPPON, A LITTLE GROUP OF STAUNCH AMERICANS ARE MAKING AN IMPORTANT DECISION AMID THE JUNGLE OF A SMALL PHILIPPINE ISLE...

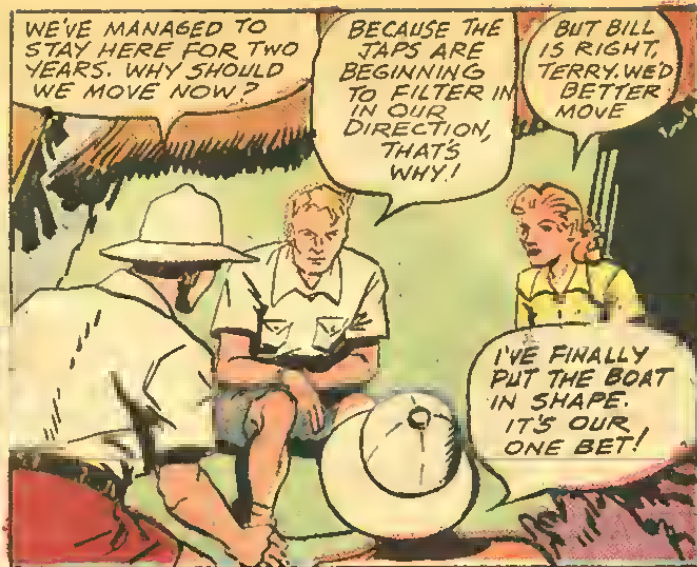


WE'VE MANAGED TO STAY HERE FOR TWO YEARS. WHY SHOULD WE MOVE NOW?

BECAUSE THE JAPS ARE BEGINNING TO FILTER IN IN OUR DIRECTION, THAT'S WHY!

BUT BILL IS RIGHT, TERRY, WE'D BETTER MOVE

I'VE FINALLY PUT THE BOAT IN SHAPE. IT'S OUR ONE BET!



YOU MEAN WE'RE HEADING FOR ALASKA? WHY, STEVE THAT'S THOUSANDS OF MILES!

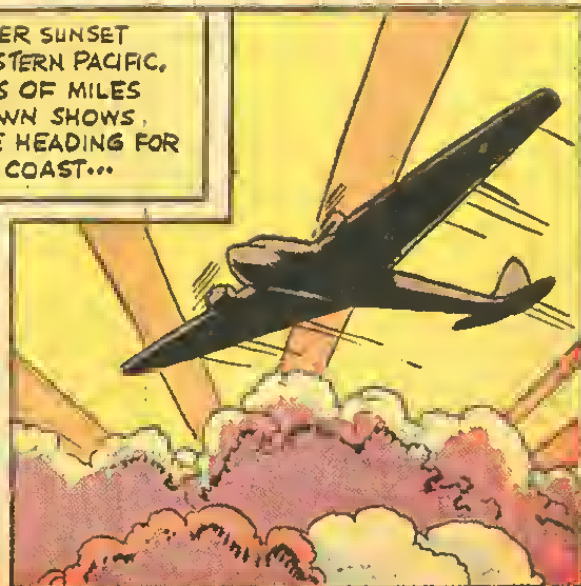
CAPTAIN BLIGH MADE AS LONG A TRIP AND HE DIDN'T HAVE A MOTOR



AND BESIDES, VICKY, WE CAN MAKE A STOP-OVER AT THE VOLCANO ISLANDS. THEY'RE JUST UNINHABITED ROCKS



...AND SO ANOTHER SUNSET STREAKS THE WESTERN PACIFIC, WHILE THOUSANDS OF MILES TO THE EAST, DAWN SHOWS A MIGHTY PLANE HEADING FOR THE CALIFORNIA COAST...



AT A SECRET AIR-BASE IN THE PACIFIC...

LONG RANGE
JOB TONIGHT..

TO THE
VOLCANO
ISLANDS..

TO SEE IF
THEY'LL DO AS
A STEPPING
STONE TO
TOKYO!

WHAT BIG BABIES
THOSE BOMBS
ARE!

THAT ONE
LOOKS LIKE
A DUMMY

PROBABLY
JUST TO KID
THE NIPS
REGARDING
OUR REAL
MISSION

MEAN-
WHILE..

THE
VOLCANO
ISLANDS!

WE'LL BEACH
THE BOAT ON
THE BIGGEST
ONE!

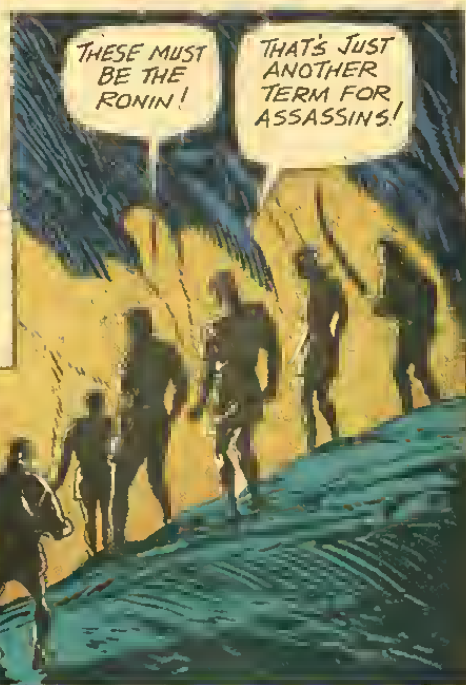
WELL, VICKY,
WE MADE
IT!

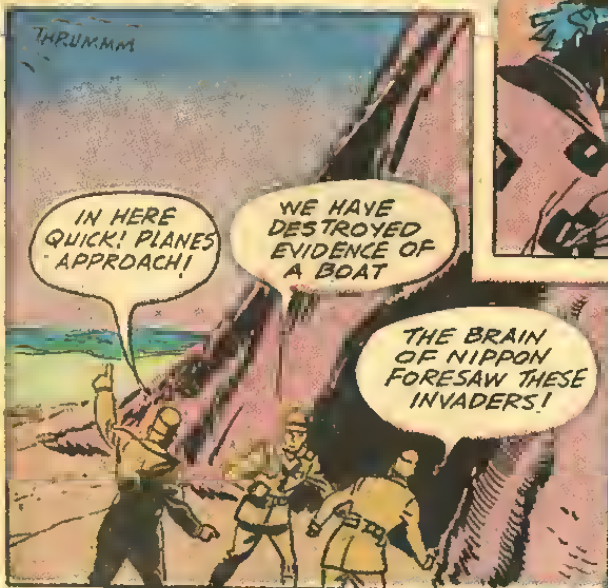
THAT MEANS
THE WORST
OF OUR
TRIP IS
OVER!

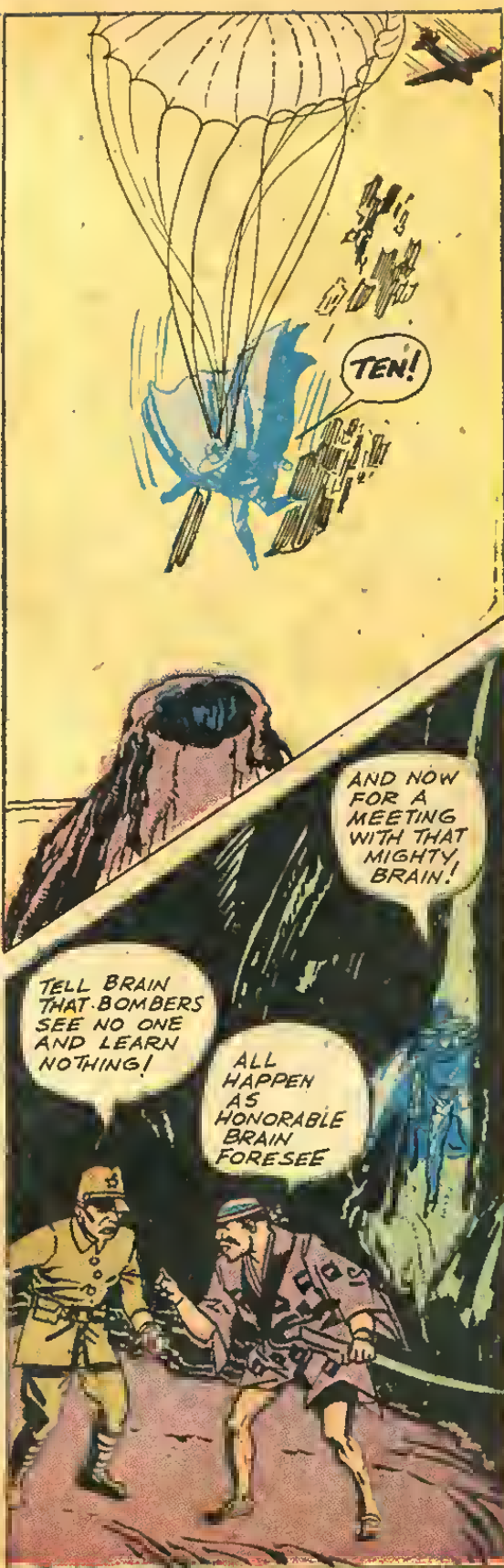
'JAPS!
COMING
OUT OF
THOSE
ROCKS!

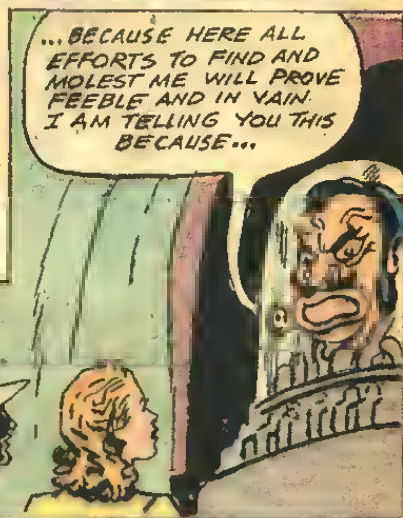
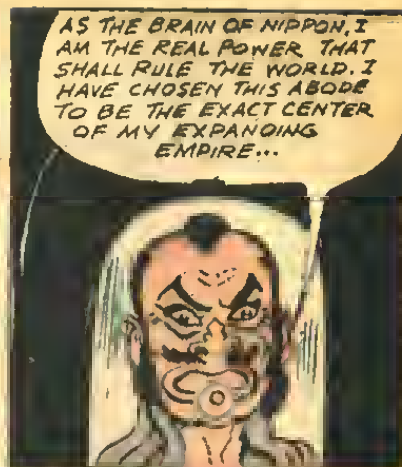
AND WE
THOUGHT
THESE ISLANDS
WERE
UNINHABITED!

WE THOUGHT
WRONG....
AND HOW!











AND NOW,
SAMURAI!
STRIKE!

QUICK, RONIN!
AID THE
SAMURAI!
THEY HAVE
MET AN
INVISIBLE
ENEMY!

WHAT HIT
THE SAMURAI?

SOMETHING
THAT STOPPED
THEM FROM
HITTING
US!

FOUR RONIN
SO FAR... ONLY
FORTY-THREE
MORE TO GO!

STAB
EVERY-
WHERE,
RONIN!

QUICK,
RONIN!

WATCH YOUR
BLOOD
PRESSURE,
BRAIN OF
NIPPON!

BLOOD
FULL

AIR
FULL



AS **THE SHADOW** RUSHES HIS FRIENDS TO SAFETY, THE MIGHTY BRAIN OF NIPPON **BURSTS!**



AN INVISIBLE MEMBER OF THE VALIANT CREW, **THE SHADOW** IS BOUND FOR NEW ADVENTURE AFTER CONQUERING THE SECRET BRAIN OF NIPPON!!!!



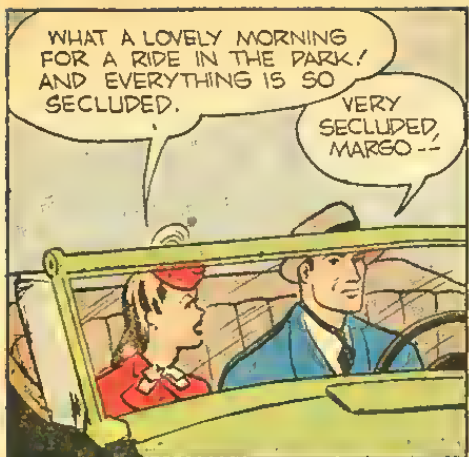
OUR STORY OPENS IN THE OFFICE OF DR. WALDEMAR, CURATOR OF THE EGYPTIAN MUSEUM, WHERE POLICE COMMISSIONER WESTON IS HEARING OF A SINGULAR MYSTERY...

AND YOU SAY THAT SHELBY, YOUR CHIEF ATTENDANT, HAS DISAPPEARED?

HE VANISHED WITHOUT A TRACE, COMMISSIONER.

AND WE HAVE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE EXCEPT IN THE CRYPT OF KING SHEFRU, TO WHICH ONLY PROFESSOR GLIDDEN HAS THE KEY.

HMM. I'D LIKE TO MEET THE PROFESSOR.



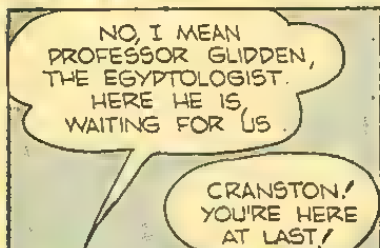
WHAT A LOVELY MORNING FOR A RIDE IN THE PARK! AND EVERYTHING IS SO SECLUDED.

VERY SECLUDED, MARGO --



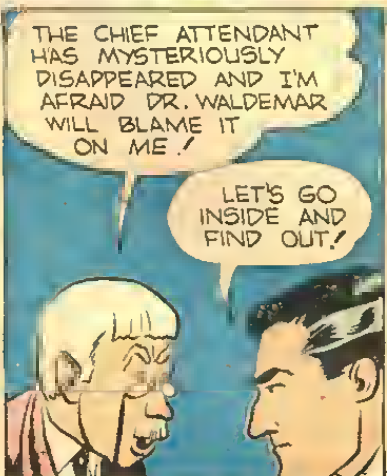
- EXCEPT FOR THE EGYPTIAN MUSEUM WHERE WE ARE TO MEET SOME OLD FRIENDS.

YOU MEAN MUMMIES I SUPPOSE?



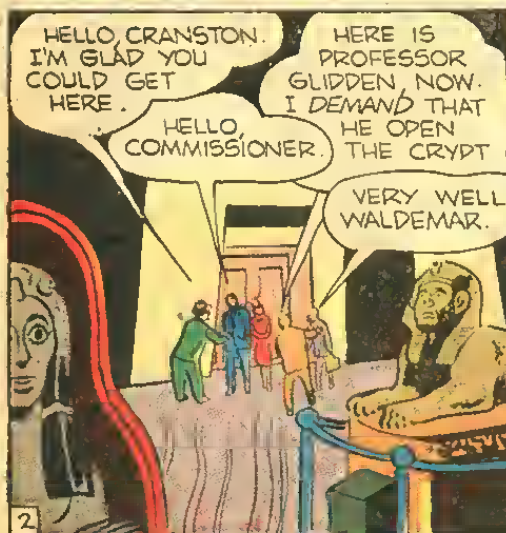
NO, I MEAN PROFESSOR GLIDDEN, THE EGYPTOLOGIST. HERE HE IS WAITING FOR US.

CRANSTON! YOU'RE HERE AT LAST!



THE CHIEF ATTENDANT HAS MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED AND I'M AFRAID DR. WALDEMAR WILL BLAME IT ON ME!

LET'S GO INSIDE AND FIND OUT!



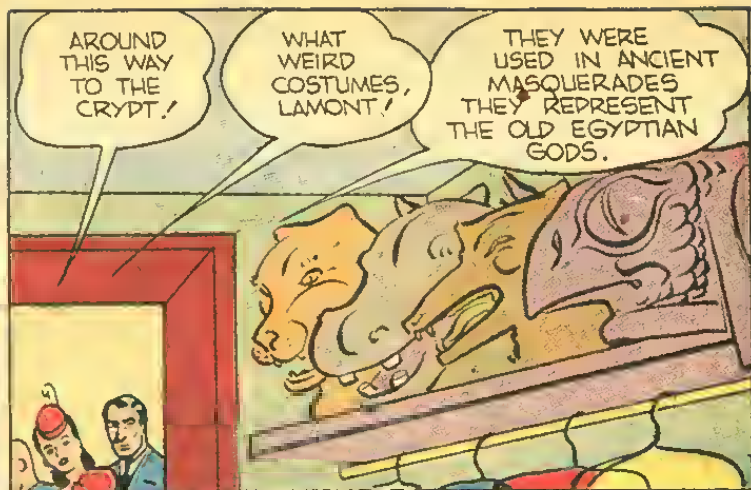
HELLO, CRANSTON. I'M GLAD YOU COULD GET HERE.

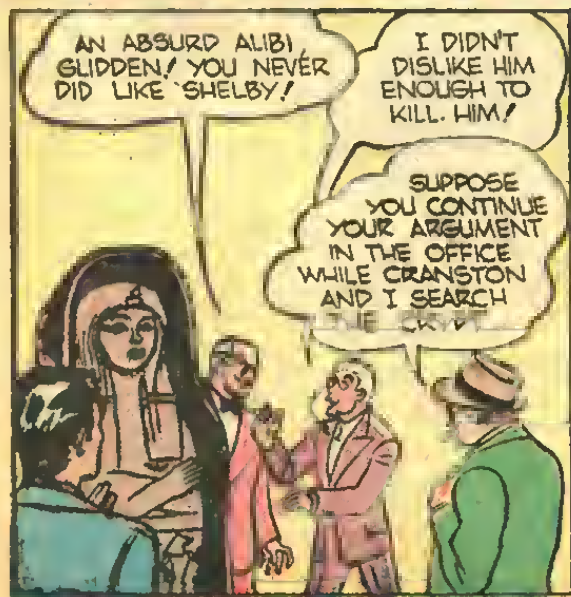
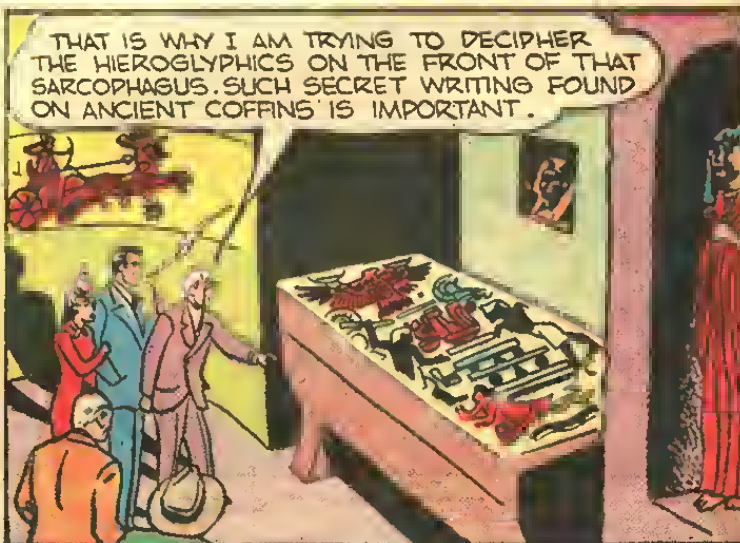
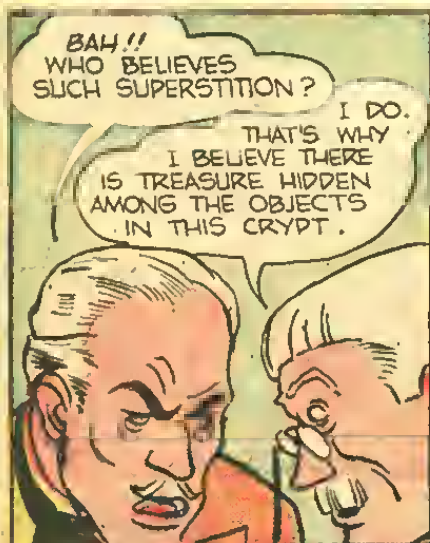
HELLO, COMMISSIONER.

HERE IS PROFESSOR GLIDDEN NOW. I DEMAND THAT HE OPEN THE CRYPT OF SNEFRU!

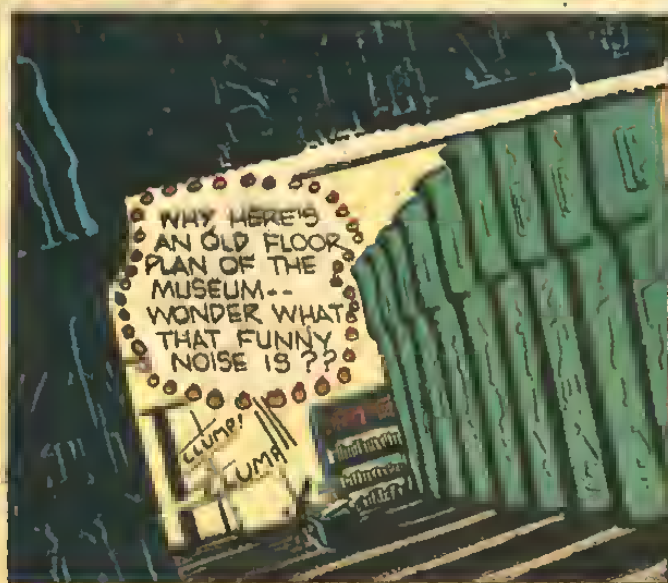
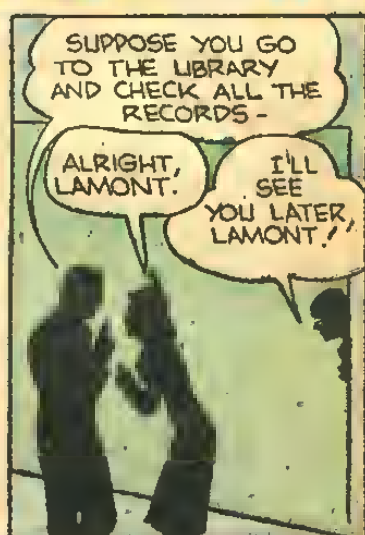
VERY WELL, WALDEMAR.

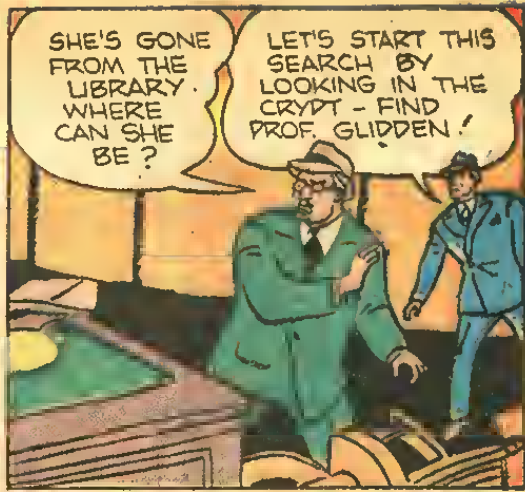






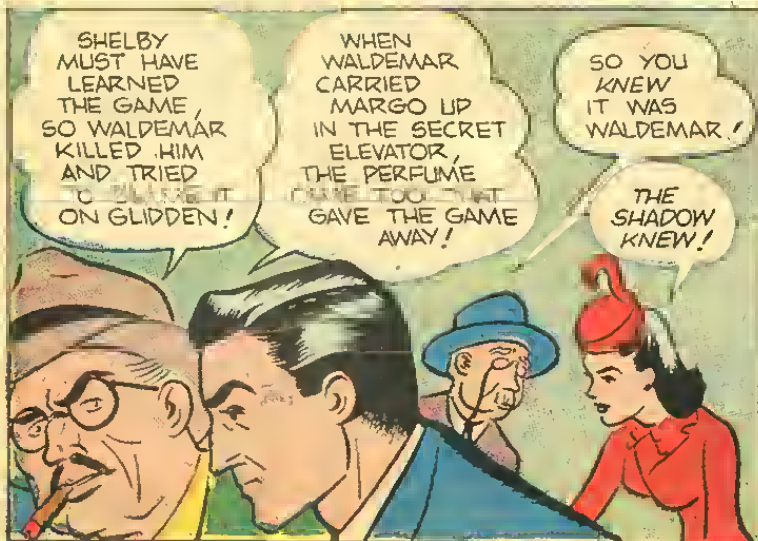












LITTLE MEN IN SPACE

ONLY SOLARIUS, THE
MASTER VILLAIN
COULD REDUCE MEN
TO DOLL- SIZE.

ONLY SOLARIUS COULD
CONCEIVE AN EVIL IDEA
OF SENDING THESE
MINIKINS INTO SPACE.

BUT ONLY MARGO WAS
VALUABLE ENOUGH
AS A HOSTAGE....
AND THIS IS THE HOR-
RIBLE FACT THAT
CONFRONTS THE
SHADOW IN THE
JUNE ISSUE OF

SHADOW COMICS

10¢ A COPY
ON SALE APRIL 28

CHICK CARTER

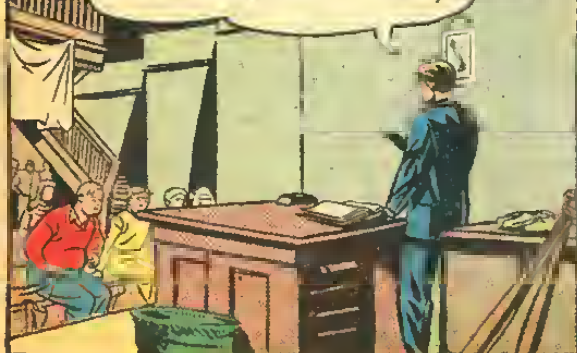
in 40 CENTS a HUNDRED!



IN PAST SCRAP DRIVES UNCLE SAM HAS NEEDED CERTAIN SPECIFIC KINDS OF SCRAP. FOR INSTANCE, ONE METAL DRIVE IS **JUST** FOR TIN CANS. HOWEVER, THIS PRESENT AND EXTREMELY SERIOUS DRIVE IS FOR SCRAP PAPER. THERE IS THIS DIFFERENCE. **UNCLE SAM** NEEDS **ANY** AND **EVERY** KIND OF PAPER YOU CAN FIND! WHAT'S MORE, HE'LL PAY YOU A GOOD PRICE FOR IT!

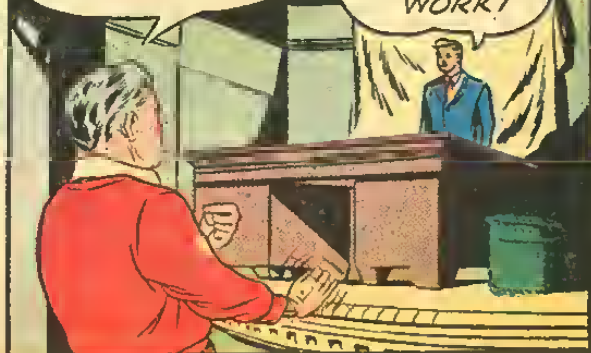
THE INNER CIRCLE IS CALLED TO ORDER . . .

QUIET PLEASE! THE SCHOOL TREASURY IS DOWN TO A GOOSE EGG! THERE ARE NO FUNDS TO BUY UNIFORMS FOR OUR BASEBALL TEAM!



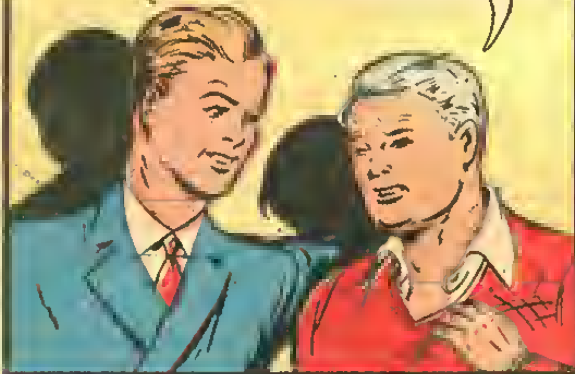
AW JEEPERS! NO UNIFORMS - NO PLAY! AND I WAS GONNA BE CATCHER THIS TERM!

YOU STILL **CAN** BE CATCHER, BEEF! WE CAN ALL PLAY IF WE GET TO WORK!



WHAT'S MORE THE WORK WILL HELP THE WAR EFFORT! UNCLE SAM NEEDS PAPER! ANY KIND OF PAPER, AND NEEDS IT BAD!

WHAT'S, THAT GOT TO DO WITH BASEBALL?



EVERYTHING! BECAUSE FOR EVERY 100 POUNDS WE COLLECT, THE GOVERNMENT WILL PAY US FORTY CENTS!

WOW! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? WE GOT SLEWS OF PAPER IN OUR CELLAR AND I BET EVERYBODY ELSE IN TOWN HAS TOO!



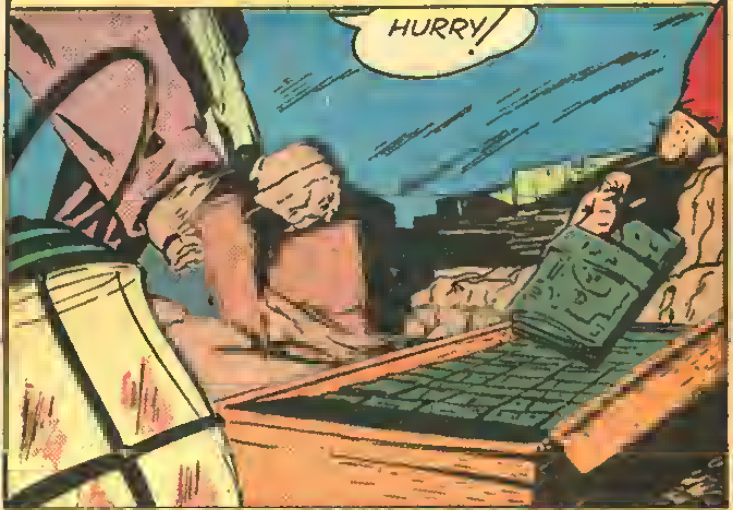
THIS PRICE IS FOR **CHICK'S TOWN**. CHECK WITH SALVAGE GROUP IN YOUR LOCALITY.

CHICK DIVIDES THE TOWN IN SECTORS EACH MEMBER HAS HIS OWN SECTOR FROM WHICH TO COLLECT PAPER.

BRING EVERYTHING YOU FIND TO THE EMPTY LOT IN BACK OF THE BANK. IT'S THE ONE PLACE IN TOWN WHERE WE CAN DUMP THE PAPER!



THE TIME --- THE NIGHT BEFORE! THE SCENE --- THE LOT IN BACK OF THE BANK.



THE RATTLER!

NO HURRY! HEH-HEH! SS-SS! THIS IS REALLY MY BEST PLAN, ROCKY!

YEA IT'S SMOOTH AS A SNAKE-SKIN!



BURY THE BOX WITH THE LOOT AND COME AND HELP ME PUT THESE BRICKS BACK IN THE BANK'S WALL!

I'M RIGHT ABOUT BURYING THE DOUGH RIGHT NEXT TO WHERE WE STOLE IT!



THE NEXT DAY---CHICK FINDS A GOLD MINE OF PAPER.

GOT ANY PAPER TO DONATE TO THE SCRAP DRIVE MR. MOORE?

WHY, YES, CHICK. DON'T KNOW IF IT'S ANY GOOD. CELLAR GOT FLOODED AND RUINED A WHOLE LOT OF MAGAZINES I'VE BEEN SAVING FOR YEARS.



WET OR DRY, DOESN'T MATTER. THEY CHOP THE PAPER UP AND MAKE NEW PAPER OUT OF IT. THANKS MR. MOORE.

THAT'S O.K.. GLAD TO HELP UNCLE SAM. GUESS YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH FOR A COUPLE OF LOANS THERE.



THE EMPTY LOT FILLS UP QUICKLY!

TRY TO KEEP THE HEAP EVEN. EVERYONE SPREAD IT OUT SO WE CAN PILE MORE ON TOP! GEE, YOU'RE DOING SWELL!

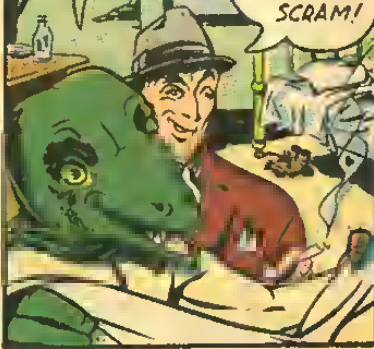
AT THIS RATE WE'LL BE ABLE TO BUY UNIFORMS FOR THE SUBSTITUTES TOO.



MEANWHILE---

HEH-HEH! SS-SS! NOT A PEEP IN THE PAPERS. THEY DON'T KNOW ANYTHING HAS HAPPENED. WE'RE SAFE!

GOOD! THEN WE'LL BE ABLE TO DIG UP THE LOOT AS SOON AS IT GETS DARK AND SCRAM!

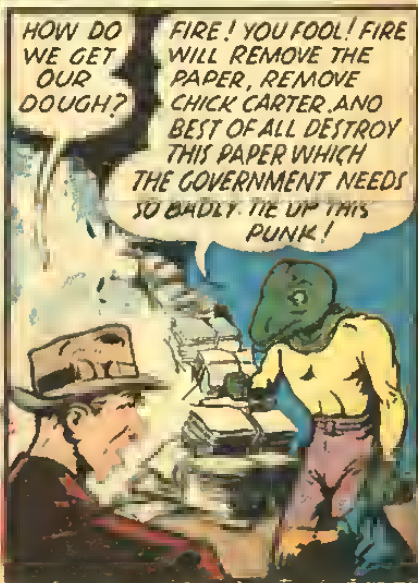
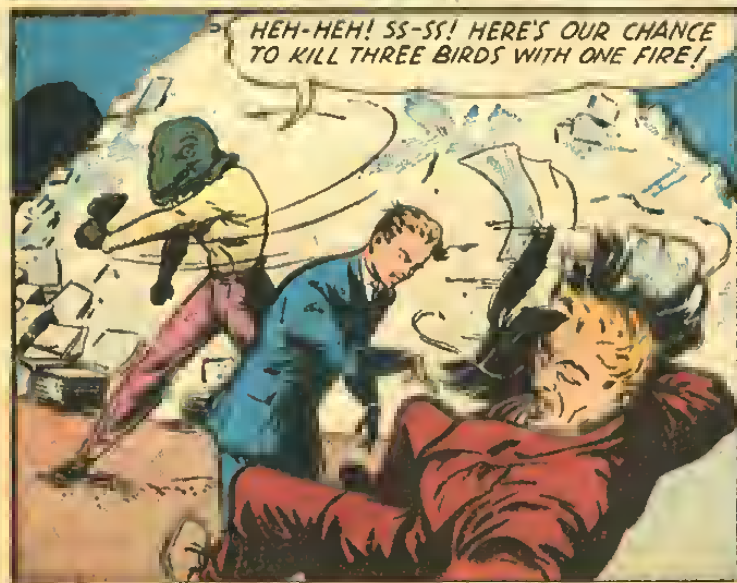
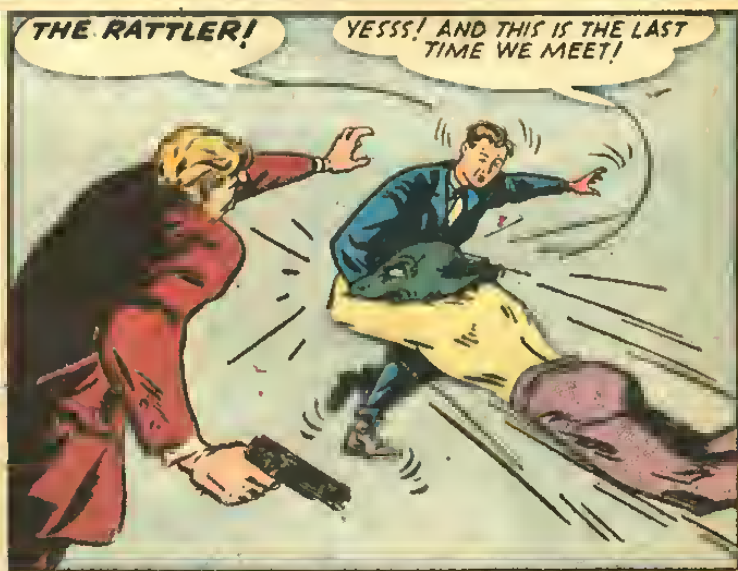


LONG AFTER DARK CHICK IS STILL HARD AT WORK.

WHEW! GUESS I BETTER QUIT. EVERYONE ELSE HAS GONE HOME DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE THERE WAS THIS MUCH PAPER LAYING AROUND OUR TOWN. I HEAR FOOTSTEPS, GUESS SOMEBODY ELSE IS STILL WORKING.

HELLO THERE!





CHICK'S BRAIN GOES LIKE CHAIN LIGHTNING!

GIVE ME A BREAK RATTLER!
DON'T THROW ME ON TOP OF
THE HEAD! I WONT HAVE A
CHANCE!

CHICK CARTER
PLEADING, HEH-HEH!
SS-SS! THIS IS MY
LUCKY NIGHT!
ALL THE WAY UP
ROCKY, HEAVE!



AS CHICK HAD HOPED, THE
RATTLER DOES WHAT CHICK
HAD ASKED HIM NOT TO!



NOW WE MAKE OURSELVES
SCARCE TILL THE FIRE IS
FINISHED AND THE FIREMAN
GO AWAY! THEN----

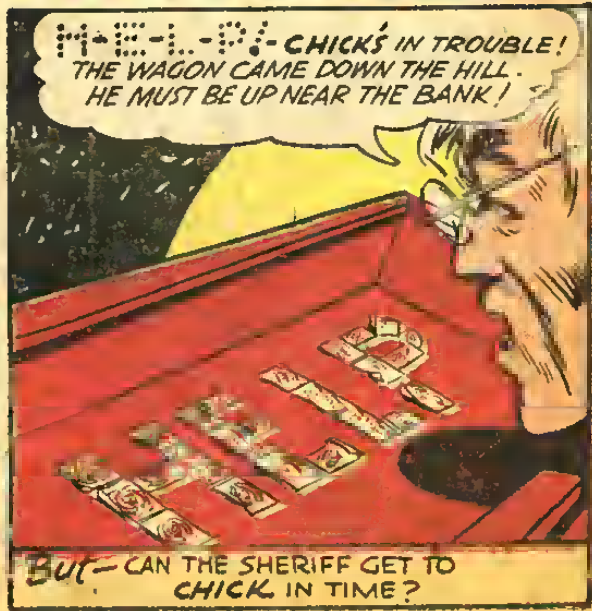
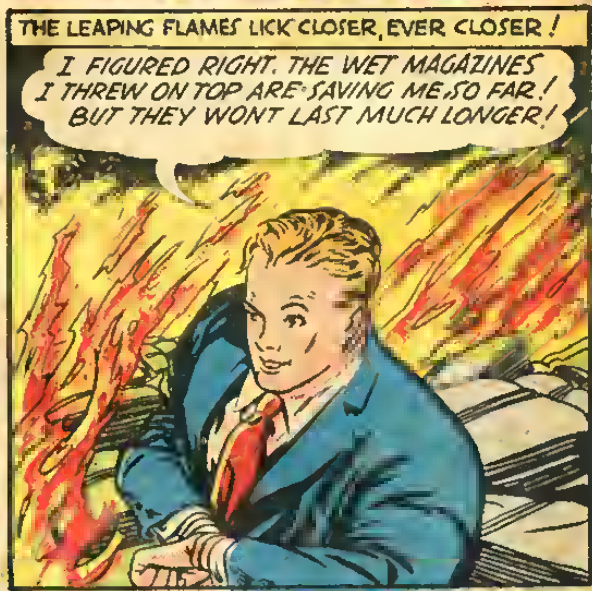


IF THIS DOESN'T WORK IM A GONE GOOSE,
ROAST GOOSE, IT LOOKS LIKE
PHEW--IT'S GETTING HOT!



THE NEAREST FIRE STATION IS MILES AWAY
CHICK'LL BE CINDERS LONG BEFORE
HELP ARRIVES, HEH-HEH! SS-SS!
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?





BLESS BESS! I TURNED IN THE ALARM. THEY BETTER GET HERE QUICK OR THE BANK WILL CATCH ON FIRE!



THE SHERIFF GRABS THE RATTLER'S DISCARDED SHOVEL AND...

SHERIFF! IT'S ME CHICK HURRY!

JUST ONE MORE MINUTE CHICK!



WHO DID THIS SON?

THE RATTLER FOR SOME REASON HE WANTED THIS SCRAP PAPER OUT OF THE WAY! SHERIFF HAS THE BANK BEEN ROBBED?



NO CHICK! WHY?

THE ONLY REASON I CAN SEE WHY THE RATTLER WOULD WANT THIS PAPER OUT OF THE WAY IS BECAUSE HE HAS SOMETHING BURIED HERE... AND THE BANK IS SO CLOSE... I WONDER...



WITH THE FIRE OUT THE FIREMEN PITCH IN AND...

IT'S ONLY LUCK YOU WEREN'T BURNED ALIVE!

NO THEY THREW ME ON TOP OF A BUNCH OF WET MAGAZINES THAT SAVED ME! SHERIFF DOESN'T THAT GROUND LOOK LIKE IT HAS BEEN DUG UP?

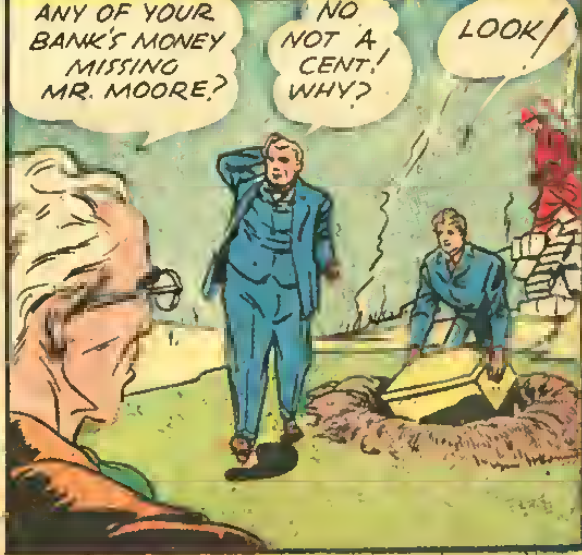


MR. MOORE THE BANK PRESIDENT BUSTLES UP...

ANY OF YOUR BANK'S MONEY MISSING MR. MOORE?

NO NOT A CENT! WHY?

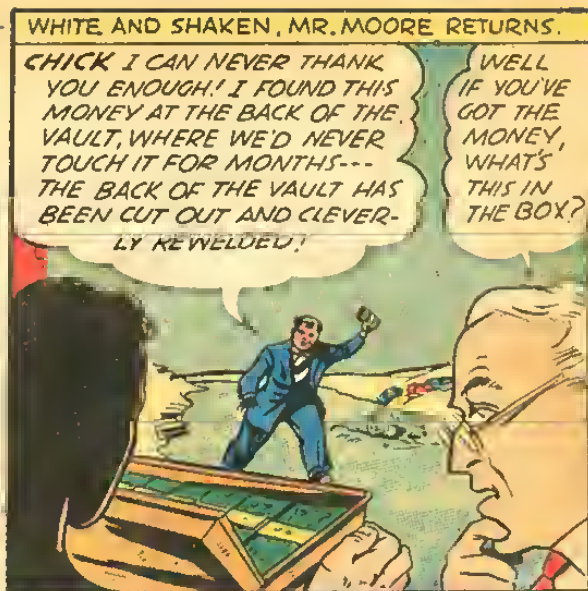
LOOK!





GUESS YOU'RE WRONG MR. MOORE! THE WRAPPER'S HAVE THE BANK'S NAME ON THEM!

GOOD HEAVENS! I'LL GO CHECK UP!



WHITE AND SHAKEN, MR. MOORE RETURNS.

CHICK I CAN NEVER THANK YOU ENOUGH! I FOUND THIS MONEY AT THE BACK OF THE VAULT, WHERE WE'D NEVER TOUCH IT FOR MONTHS--- THE BACK OF THE VAULT HAS BEEN CUT OUT AND CLEVERLY REWELED!

WELL IF YOU'VE GOT THE MONEY, WHAT'S THIS IN THE BOX?



THAT IN THE BOX IS **REAL!** WHAT THEY LEFT IN THE BANK VAULT IS **COUNTERFEIT!**

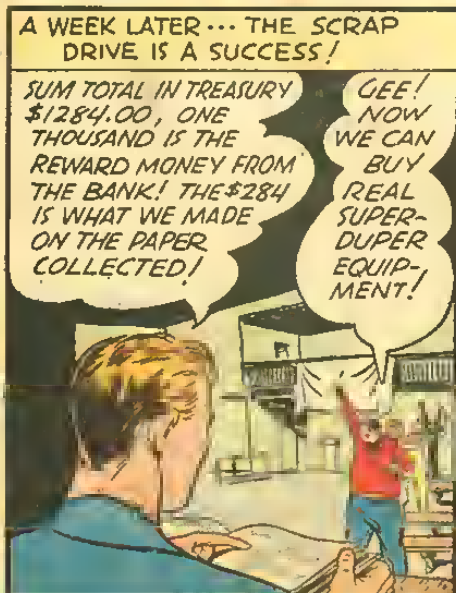
SO THAT'S IT! THE RATTLER ALMOST GOT AWAY WITH A PERFECT CRIME!



HIDDEN SAFELY, THE RATTLER ----

THE PAPER SAYS--- "BOY DETECTIVE FOILS RATTLER'S ALMOST PERFECT CRIME **CHICK CARTER** SAVES \$100,000!!!" ---I'LL GET THAT KID IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO!

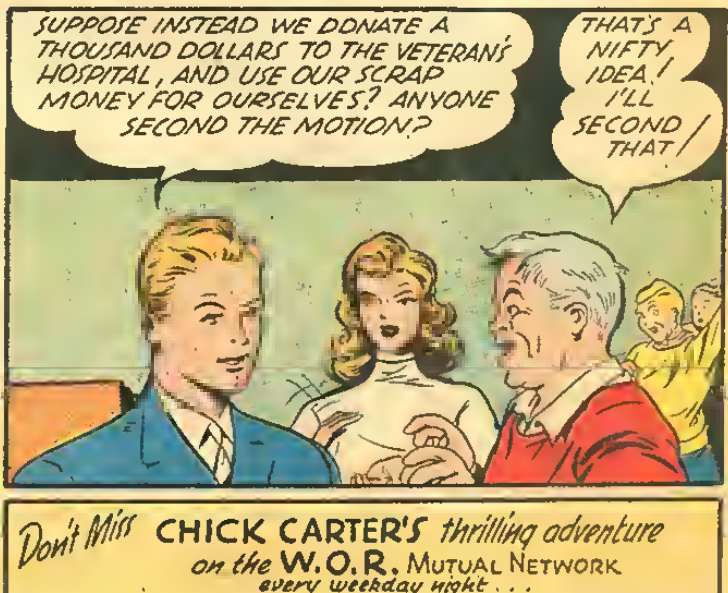
\$100,000 I WANT A WHACK AT THAT PUNK TOO! WHY HE PRACTICALLY STOLE IT FROM US!



A WEEK LATER... THE SCRAP DRIVE IS A SUCCESS!

SUM TOTAL IN TREASURY \$1284.00, ONE THOUSAND IS THE REWARD MONEY FROM THE BANK! THE \$284 IS WHAT WE MADE ON THE PAPER COLLECTED!

GEE! NOW WE CAN BUY REAL SUPER-SUPER EQUIPMENT!



SUPPOSE INSTEAD WE DONATE A THOUSAND DOLLARS TO THE VETERAN'S HOSPITAL, AND USE OUR SCRAP MONEY FOR OURSELVES? ANYONE SECOND THE MOTION?

THAT'S A NIFTY IDEA! I'LL SECOND THAT!

Don't Miss **CHICK CARTER'S** thrilling adventure on the **W.O.R. MUTUAL NETWORK** every weekday night...

Chick Carter's

INNER CIRCLE

FINGERPRINTS



"Fellow members of the Inner Circle," Chick paused, raised his voice and continued, "Fellow members—Beef, are you or are you not a member?"

"Umph—glumph," Beef, mouth jammed full of candy, a fistful of candy wrapped in wax paper coozing out of its wrapper, struggled to clear his mouth enough to allow words to seep through.

"I didn't quite understand you," said Chick, struggling to keep from smiling. "What did you say?"

"Brumph!" The candy finally went down in a solid lump. Beef gasped then said: "Sure—sure I'm a member. Why do you ask?"

"Because I need your help in today's lesson on fingerprints. I thought from the way you were rattling paper back there, that you were a fifth columnist! If you are going to help me, you better go out and wash your hands because I'm going to show everyone how to make invisible fingerprints, visible! I'm afraid from the looks of your hands I'd have to make visible prints, *invisible*."

"There is magic in this bottle," continued Chick, "this magic will amaze you, I think. This piece of paper has never been touched by a human hand. There are no fingerprints on it."

Beef returned holding his spotlessly clean hands up in the air. "Okay?" Beef asked.

"Yes. That's fine," said Chick. "Will you hold this piece of paper for me?"

Beef held the paper and looked puzzled as Chick took a box of matches and a table spoon out of his pocket.

Glancing down at the members, Chick asked, "Sue, will you step up here, please?"

Sue hurried forward. Chick handed her a magnifying glass and the pair of tongs. He said: "I'd like you to take that paper from Beef and examine it through this magnifying glass. Hold the paper to the light, examine it as closely as you can."

"Pretend Beef is a murderer and we found this piece of paper at the scene of the crime. We want to find the killer's prints if we can!"

Meanwhile Sue had been going over the paper carefully. She said, "I'm sorry, Chick. If Beef were a killer I think he'd get away with it. There are no prints on this paper!"

Beef interrupted, "Prints? How could there be? My hands are as clean as my homework book *before* I write in it!"

"Yes, it does seem impossible, doesn't it?" smiled Chick. He poured some of the brownish crystals out of the bottle into the tablespoon and then lit a match. He held the lit match under the tablespoon. Almost instantly a strange thing happened. The paper changed color! It became a light brown and—standing out so as to be easily seen, in very dark brown, were Beef's fingerprints!

"Now," said Chick, "you see what would happen to Beef the Killer! His own invisible fingerprints would convict him!" As Chick said this, he was waving the paper in the air away from the tablespoon.

"Hey!" yelled Beef excitedly. "You would *not* convict me! Look! The prints are disappearing! The paper is turning white again!"

Chick looked at the now all white paper and smiled. "I wanted you all to see that. Yes," he went on, "the prints vanish just as mysteriously as they appeared! For the air acts on them and makes them fade. However," he went on as he lit another match and held it under the tablespoon which he again held under the paper, "if you want to keep the prints—all you have to do is keep the air away from them!"

As the fingerprints again mysteriously appeared, Chick picked up two pieces of glass and laid the paper between them like the meat in a sandwich. He picked up some scotch tape and taped the four edges of the glass sandwich.

He held it up so all could see and said, "There, prisoned between glass, we have the murderer's fingerprints! And they will last long enough to send the killer up the 'last mile'!"

"Aw gee," Beef said as he plucked at his tie, "cut it out, will you? I'm no killer!"

"You kill enough candy in one day," said Chick but Beef had left the platform and gone to his seat.

"Stop picking on Beef, Chick, laughed Sue, "and explain this process will you? How did the fingerprints appear? What is the brown stuff and why did you heat it? Do the fumes act on the paper?"

"Whoa!" exclaimed Chick. "Hold it! One question at a time! Beef's fingerprints were on the paper, of course. We just couldn't see them!"

"Why do you say 'of course'?" asked Sue. His hands were spotlessly clean, I looked at them!"

"No matter how clean they looked," explained Chick, "no matter how many times we wash our hands, there is always oil being secreted by the tiny pores in our fingertips! It is this oil, invisible until developed that enables the modern scientific detective to trap his man!"

"These crystals," Chick went on, "are Iodin crystals. Iodin, not iodine. You can get enough for a dime in a drug store to trap every killer in our state!"

"I heated the crystals to hurry the process so you could all see it happen. Iodin gives off a vapor anyhow, but heat hastens it. In actual practise, detectives *don't* heat the crystals. They just put some in a tray and then lay the paper a couple of inches above the crystals in an air tight box. It takes about ten hours but you get clearer results."

"I see," Sue said. "The iodine vapor acts on the oil from the fingers and makes them visible. Does the process only work on paper?"

"No," answered Chick. "You can get prints from shirts, sheets, neckties—things like that, but the results aren't as good."

"Regular detectives," Chick said, "don't use the panes of glass either. They use another chemical which fixes the prints the way photographic chemicals 'fix' a picture. Now," Chick stopped and looked at the members, "are there any other questions?"

Tom, one of the newer members of the Inner Circle, stood up. "Chick, do you mean," asked Tom, "that if we go to a drug store and buy iodine crystals that we can do what you just showed us?"

"Oh—I thought all our members understood that," said Chick. "Anything I show you or tell you about, will work just as I describe it!"

"For instance," Chick pressed his thumb on a piece of glass. "Suppose you don't have any equipment with you. You find an open window at the scene of a robbery. You need a quick way to check the window for prints. Here's how!" Chick held the glass near his mouth and breathed on it gently. "Breathe on the glass. The moisture of your breath will sometimes cause a print to show up momentarily. It's a handy trick to know!"

"I have a question, Chick!" Beef was plainly pleased to be able to ask an intelligent question.

"Yes?" Chick questioned.

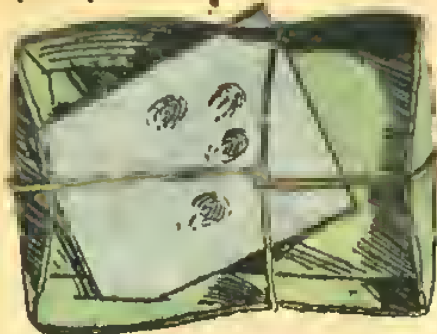
"I've always wondered," said Beef, "how the thing that has the fingerprint on it is carried to court, or to the laboratory without the prints getting all smudged!"

"That's a good question, Beef. I'm glad you asked that," said Chick picking up a piece of chalk. He began to draw on the blackboard. "That can be quite a problem."

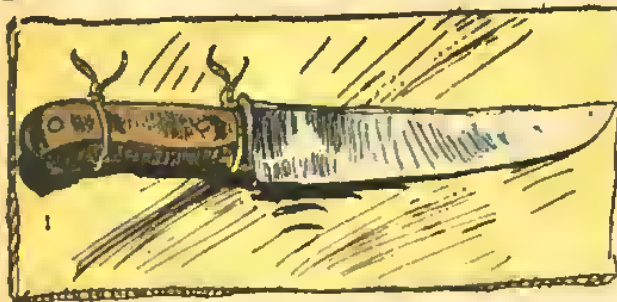
As the sketch of a bottle appeared on the blackboard Chick said, "Take a bottle for instance. That's kind of hard to transport without danger." Continuing the sketch he said: "Here's the solution."



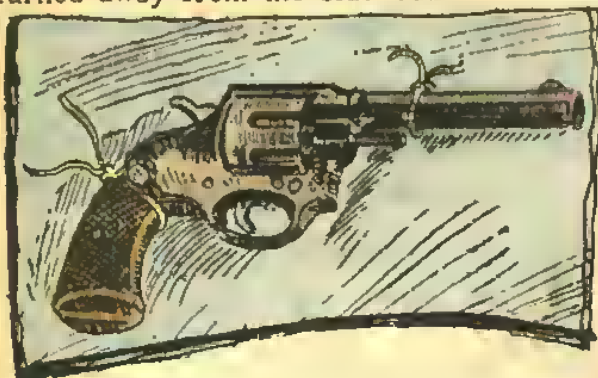
"A piece of glass can be tough, too," added Chick as he drew another sketch. "This is the accepted police department method . . ."



"What about guns and knives?" asked Beef.



"A knife is easy," answered Chick as he quickly sketched a knife on the board. "A gun is handled almost the same way." Chick turned away from the blackboard.



"One final thing," he said, "I was curious about something that I guess all of you have wondered about."

"What's that?" asked Sue.

"This business of plastic surgery," answered Chick. "You know that it is very simple for a good surgeon to lift all the skin right off your fingertips and—"

"Not off mine!" shuddered Sue. "That must hurt dreadfully!"

"It does," Chick said, "but there's a very peculiar thing about it! Take Dillinger—remember when he was Public Enemy No. 1?" Chick paused as the members nodded then continued, "He had the money for the operation and if ever a man needed to get

rid of his fingerprints—Dillinger was the man!"

"Everything seemed fine. Dillinger paid the doctor and went on with his murderous career confident in his printless hands. But and it was a big but—after about six months a very peculiar thing happened!"

Chick picked up an enlarged photostat of some fingerprints. "Here," said Chick, "is a picture of Dillinger's fingerprints taken after his death! I got this from Nick Carter . . ."

"But Chick," exclaimed Sue who was nearest the picture, "those aren't smooth fingertips! They show all the regular whorls and everything!"

"Yes," said Chick. "Nature fooled Dillinger! For, despite the operation, the scar tissue soon wore away and the regular patterns grew right back again as you can see!"

After the meeting ended and Beef, Chick and Sue were walking home, Beef asked, "What are you going to tell us about next, Chick? It'll have to go some to be more interesting than this course in fingerprinting!"

"Don't mis-understand," said Chick. We'll return to fingerprinting from time to time but next I'm going to tell you about the one part of a criminal's body he cannot disguise! And I'll tell you how you can always recognize a person just because of this one thing!"

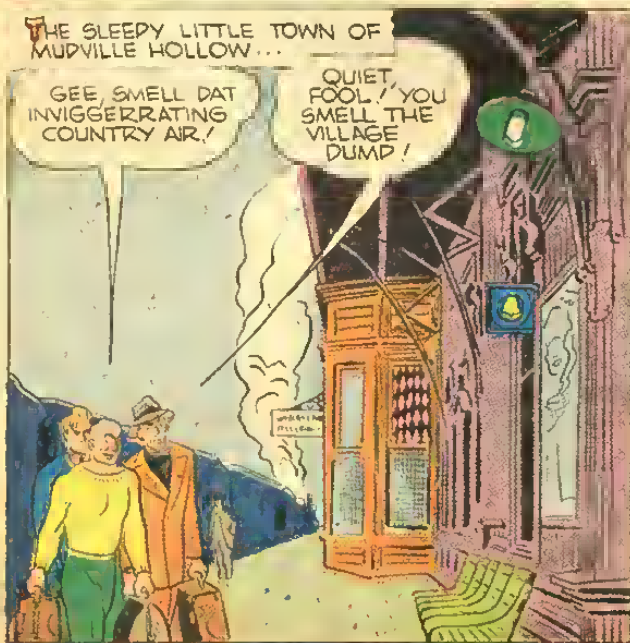
"Both Nick and Chick Carter use 'Modern Criminal Investigation' by Soderman and O'Connell, published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York, as their source book. We recommend this book highly to all members of Chick Carter Inner Circle."

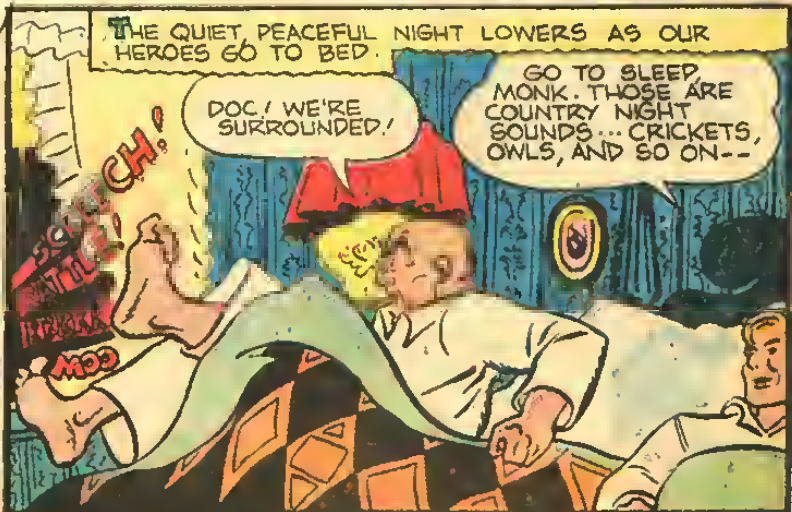
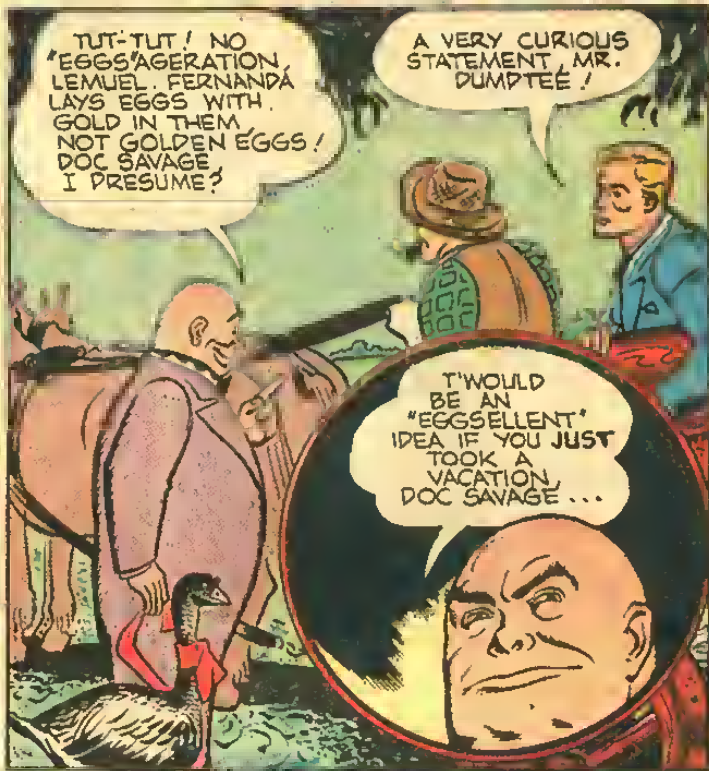
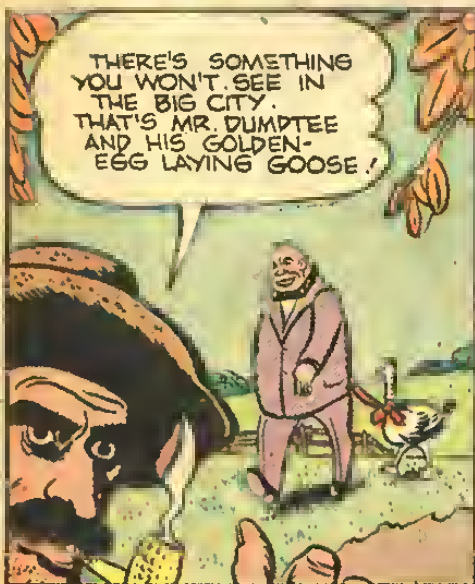
You don't want to miss this either. Not one of you. Don't fail to attend next month's meeting of the Inner Circle and in the meantime, don't forget to keep up with Chick Carter's adventures as broadcast over W.O.R. and the rest of the Mutual Net Work!



IT SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA AT THE TIME... ALL MEN, EVEN THE REDOUTABLE SCIENTIFIC GENIUS, DOC SAVAGE AND HIS AIDES, MONK AND HAM, NEED A VACATION ONCE IN A WHILE. THE ONLY DRAWBACK IS THAT THEIR "VACATION" BRINGS TO LIGHT A "GIGANTIC SWINDLE" --- FOR THEY MEET MR. DUMPTIE, A "BAD EGG" IF THERE EVER WAS ONE!

ILLUSTRATED BY
AL BARE





OUR HEROES GREET THE MORNING
SUN, CLEAR-EYED AND 'RESTED.

NOT A BIT OF SHUT-
EYE DID I GET,
NEXT VACATION
I SPEND IN A
NICE, QUIET, BOILER
FACTORY!

YOU'LL FEEL
BETTER AFTER
BREAKFAST.
MILK FRESH
FROM THE COW,
EGGS RIGHT FROM
THE HEN.



WHAT ABOUT
THESE GOLDEN EGGS
OF MR. DUMPTEE, DOC?

I'VE BEEN
THINKING
ABOUT THAT.
I THINK IT'LL
BEAR A
LOOK-SEE!

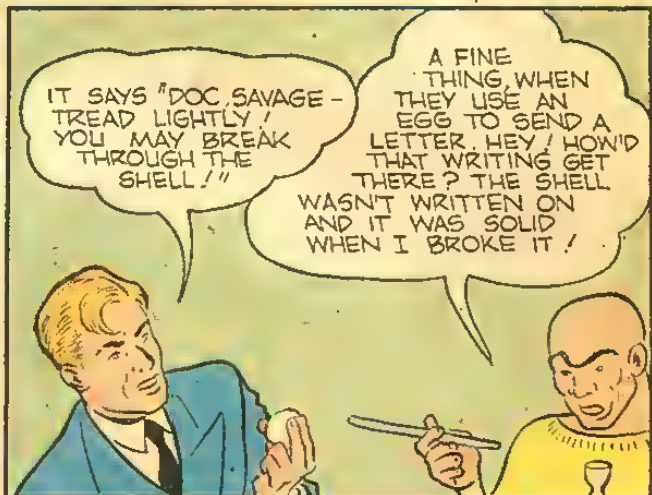


NICE, FRESH EGGS!
LOOK AT THIS
WRITING ON MY EGG!



IT SAYS "DOC SAVAGE -
TREAD LIGHTLY!
YOU MAY BREAK
THROUGH THE
SHELL!"

A FINE
THING WHEN
THEY USE AN
EGG TO SEND A
LETTER. HEY! HOW'D
THAT WRITING GET
THERE? THE SHELL
WASN'T WRITTEN ON
AND IT WAS SOLID
WHEN I BROKE IT!



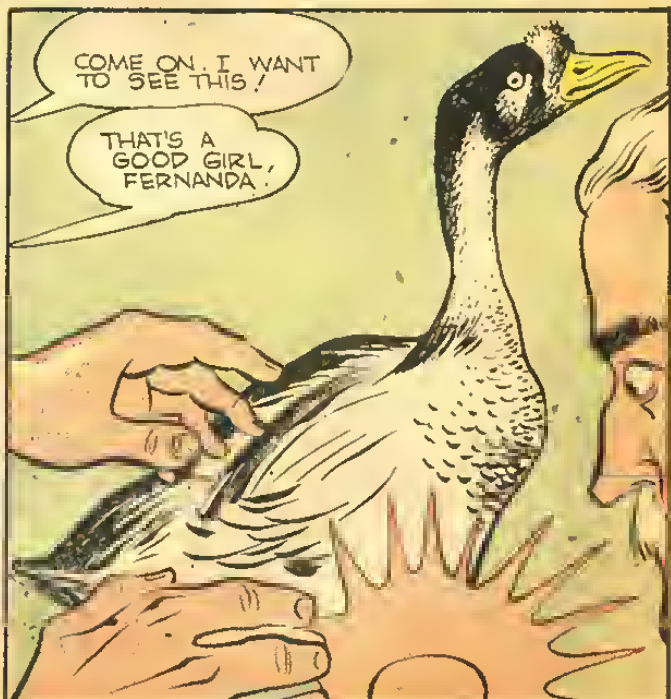
HURRY UP, FERNANDA!

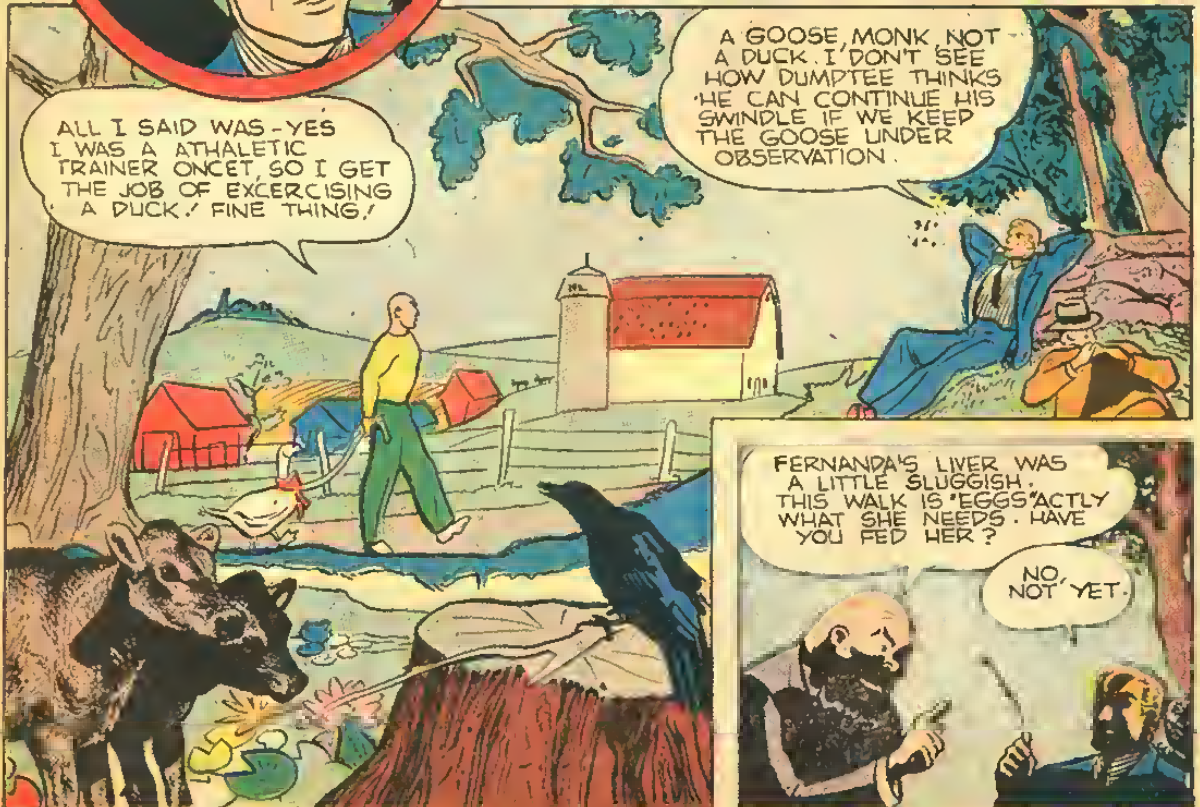
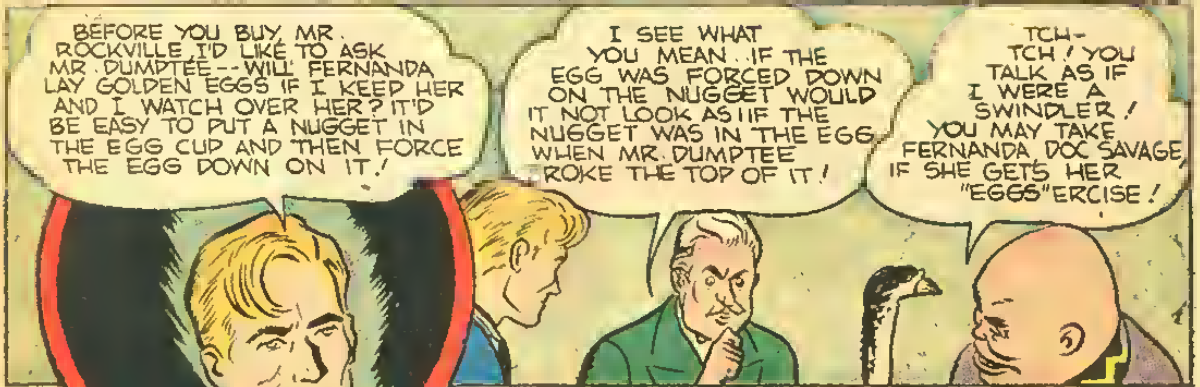
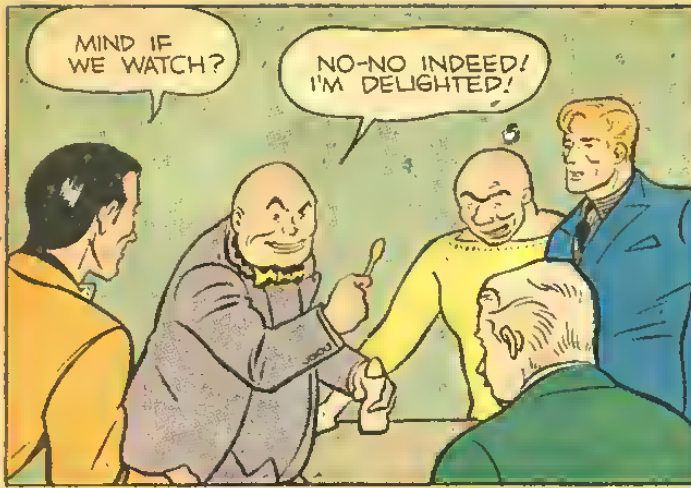
HERE'S OUR
CHANCE TO SEE
THE "GOLDEN
EGG"

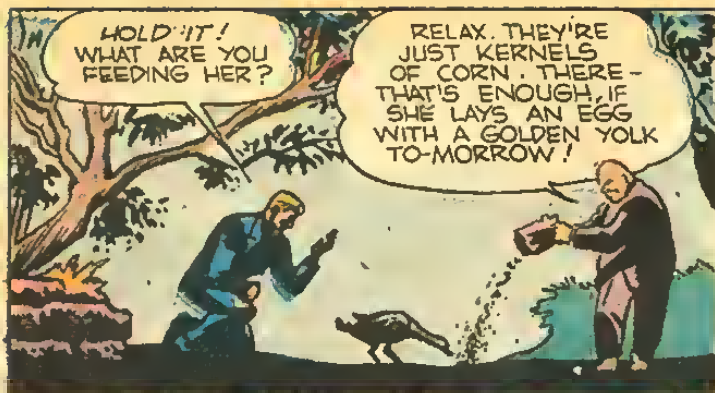


COME ON. I WANT
TO SEE THIS!

THAT'S A
GOOD GIRL,
FERNANDA.







HOLD IT!
WHAT ARE YOU
FEEDING HER?

RELAX. THEY'RE
JUST KERNELS
OF CORN. THERE -
THAT'S ENOUGH. IF
SHE LAYS AN EGG
WITH A GOLDEN YOLK
TO-MORROW!



IF SHE LAYS
ONE UNDER MY
CLOSE OBSERVATION,
YOU CAN GO
AHEAD WITH
THE SALE.

GOOD!
THEN I'LL
MAKE MY
'EGG'SIT.



WHAT'S HIS
ANGLE, DOC?

TRUTHFULLY,
I DON'T KNOW.
HE CAN'T DO ANY
HOCUS-POCUS UNDER
THESE CONDITIONS
TOMORROW WILL
TELL!



NEXT MORNING...

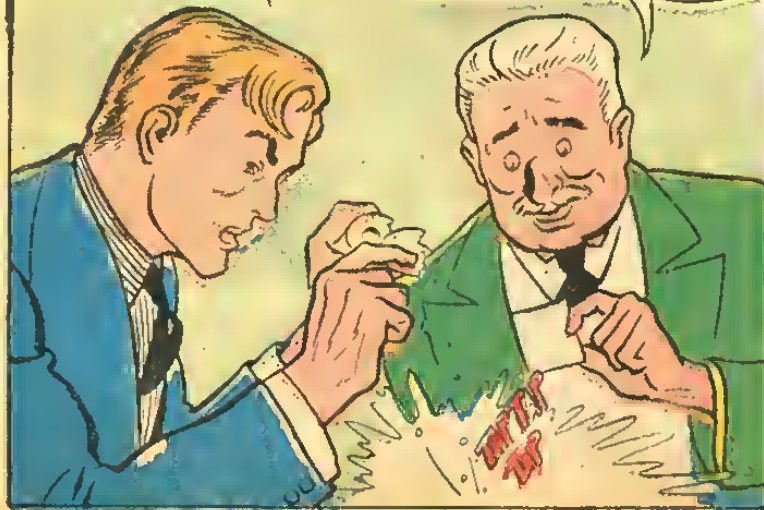
IT IS COMPLETELY
IMPOSSIBLE FOR
ANY LIVING CREATURE
TO MANUFACTURE
GOLD!

YOU SCIENTISTS
'ARE ALWAYS SO
POSITIVE! THERE,
FERNANDA HAS
FINISHED. DOC, WILL
YOU BREAK
THE EGG?

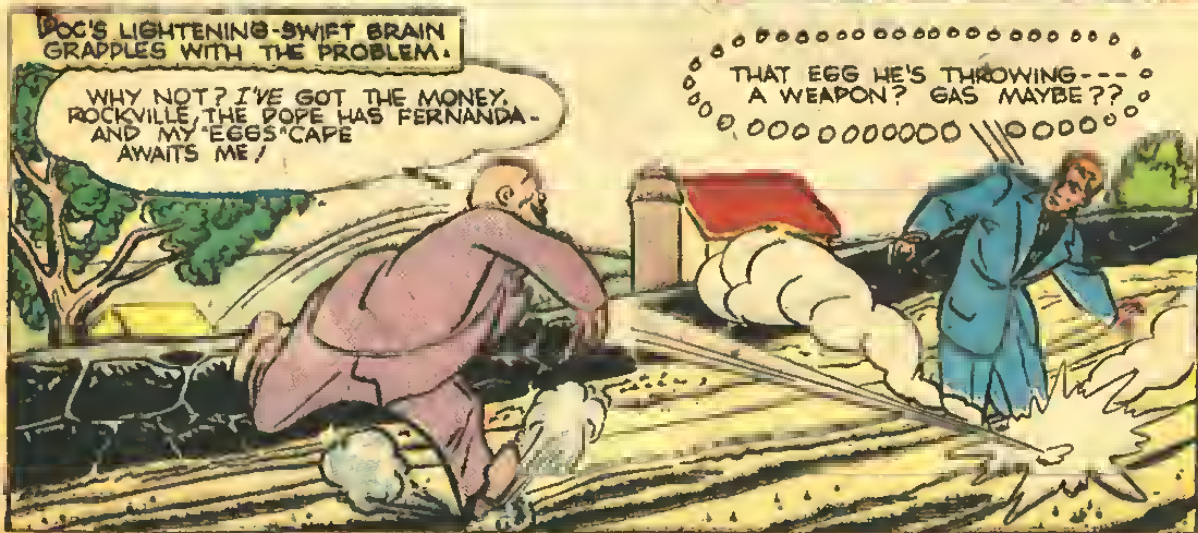
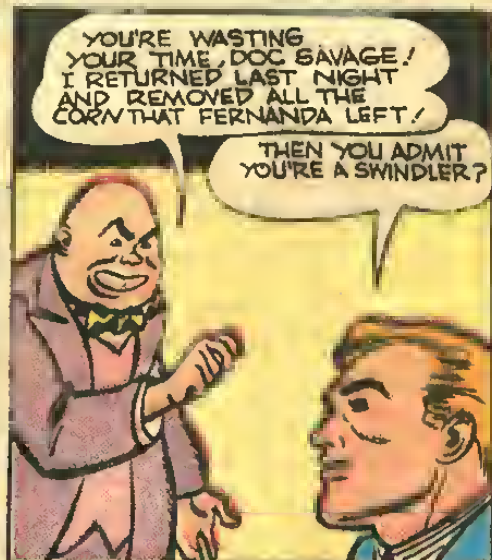
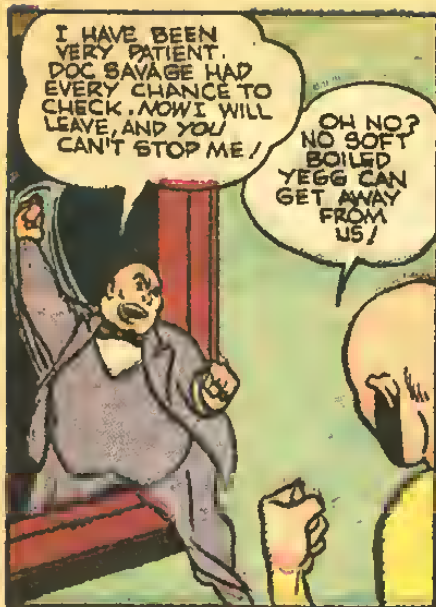
IMPOSSIBLE???

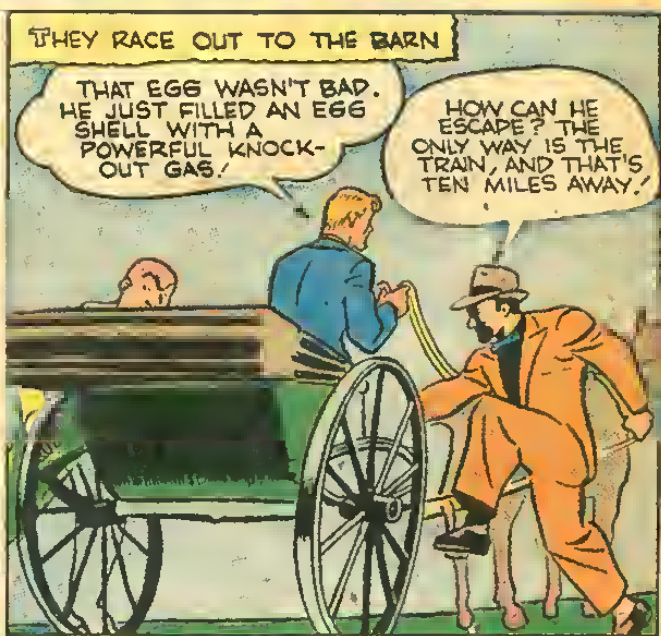
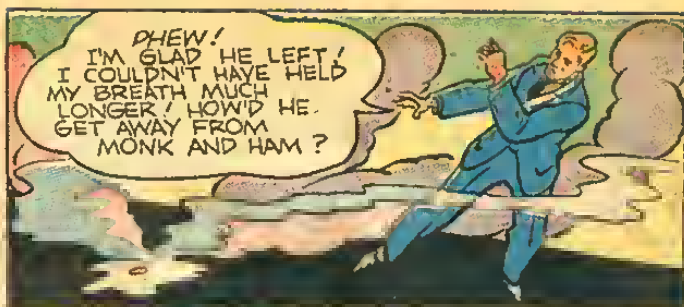
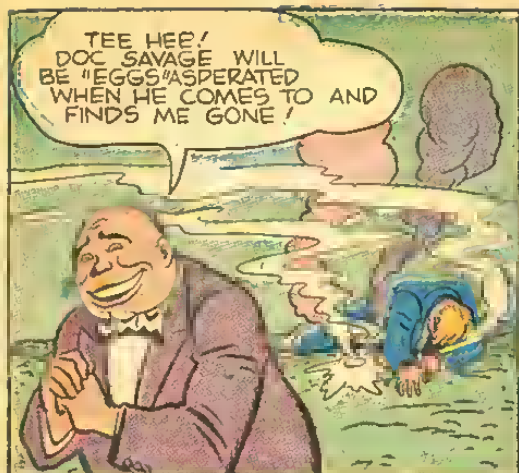
GOLD'N THE EGG!!
LITTLE PIECES OF GOLD
IT CAN'T BE!

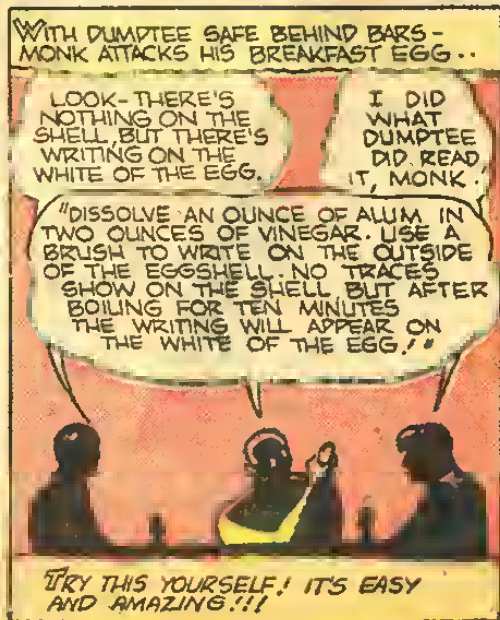
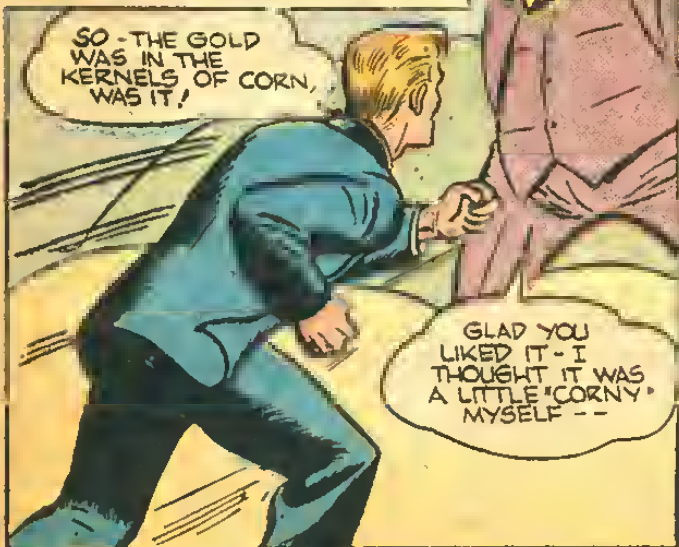
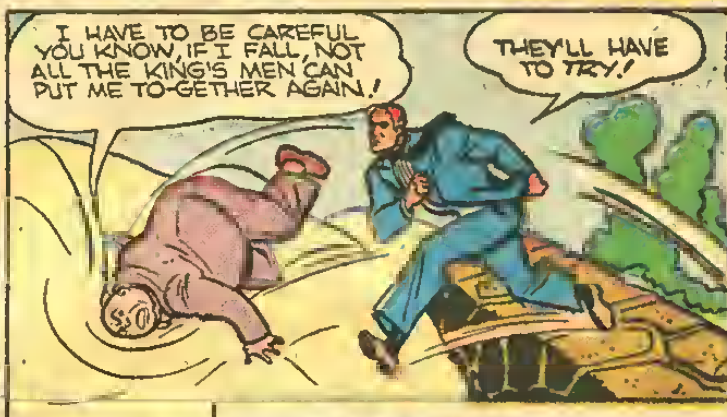
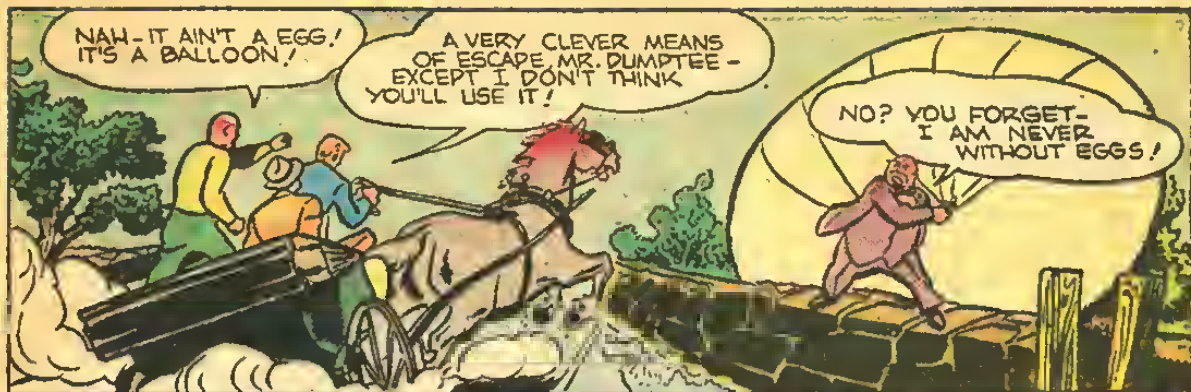
THAT BEING THE
CASE, I WILL BUY
FERNANDA. HERE'S
YOUR CHECK, MR.
DUMPTREE, FOR 20,000.



MONK-HAM! DON'T
LET DUMPTREE ESCAPE!
I THINK I KNOW HOW
HE HOAXED ME...







THE COMIC OF THE FUTURE!

WE PREDICT ON THE
COVER THEY HAPPEN

The new AIR ACE COMICS is breaking records of saathsoyers, fortune tellers and reporters! Remember when AIR ACE predicted rocket ships . . . now read about them in your newspapers!

Now, in the splendid roto section in the July issue, read about electronics—the amazing new science—and the uses to which it will be put for YOU and YOU and YOU! Plus a grand story about the Four Musketeers—suggested by the famous Writers' Wor Board—and many other features.

In June SUPER-MAGICIAN, Blackstone thrills you again with a doring adventure among a lost tribe, the Druids, whose weird rites will send the chills rocing up your spine . . . plus many other stories!

AIR ACE COMICS

SUPER-MAGICIAN

BLACKSTONE

THE FOUR MUSKETEERS

THE FUTURE

THE FUTURE

PRESENTING FRANK MORGAN

WHO CAN DO EQUALLY WELL BY COMEDY AND DRAMA

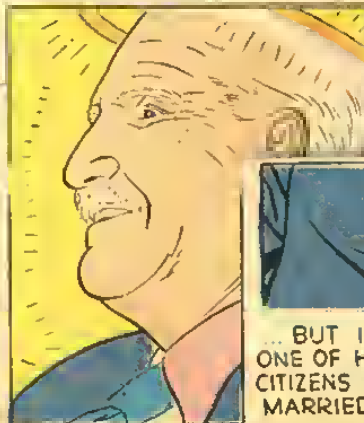
GEE! THAT SOUNDS
INTERESTING. GO ON
FRANK.

THURSDAY NIGHT MEANS
COOK'S NIGHT OUT TO
SOME PEOPLE, AND THE
NIGHT BEFORE FRIDAY
TO SOME OTHERS... BUT
TO MILLIONS OF AMERICANS
IT MEANS THAT THEIR
FAVORITE COMEDIAN...
FRANK MORGAN... IS ON
THE AIR FOR
MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

NBC

FRANK HAS MORE GRANDFATHERS... IF WE'RE TO
BELIEVE HIS TALL TALES... THAN ANY MAN IN
THE WORLD. EVERY WEEK, NO MATTER WHAT
PROFESSION OR TRADE IS BEING DISCUSSED,
FRANK CLAIMS HIS GRANDFATHER WAS THE
PIONEER IN THE FIELD... THUS GIVING HIM
ABOUT 1000 GRANDFATHERS UP TO DATE!

ACCORDING TO HIS RADIO
CHARACTER, FRANK MORGAN
SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME
LEERING AT GIRLS AND MAKING
UP TALL STORIES.....



BUT IN REAL LIFE, HE'S
ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S LEADING
CITIZENS AND A HAPPILY
MARRIED MAN.

SOME COMEDIANS MADE THEIR START THE HARD WAY.... BUT FRANK MORGAN WAS BORN IN THE LAP OF LUXURY... AND HIS MOTHER'S ANCESTORS ACTUALLY DID COME OVER ON

THE MAYFLOW

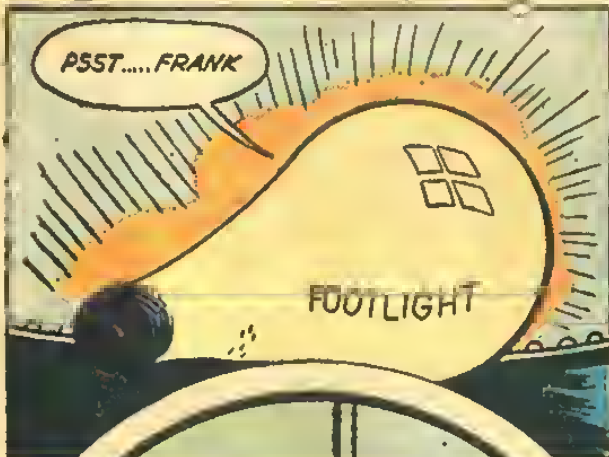


FRANK'S FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE WASN'T EXACTLY A SUCCESS..... HE WAS A BOY SOPRANO IN ST. THOMAS CHURCH IN NEW YORK, BUT HIS VOICE CRACKED.



AFTER TWO YEARS AT CORNELL THE LURE OF THE FOOTLIGHTS WAS TOO MUCH FOR FRANK, AND HE DETERMINED TO FOLLOW HIS BROTHER, RALPH, INTO THE THEATER.

BUT SUCCESS DIDN'T COME SO QUICKLY, FIRST



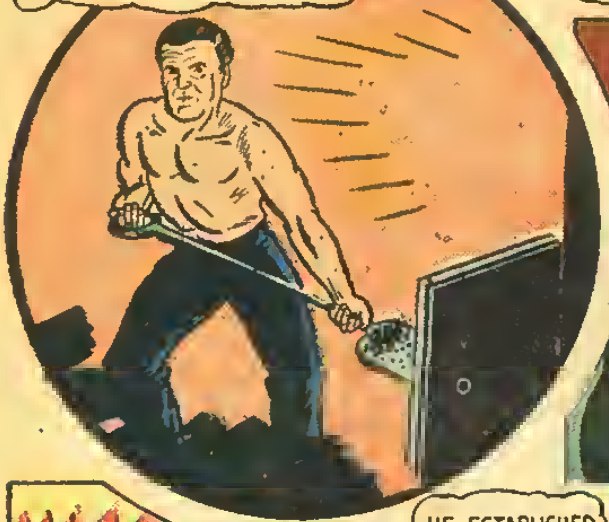
... FRANK SOLD BRUSHES ...



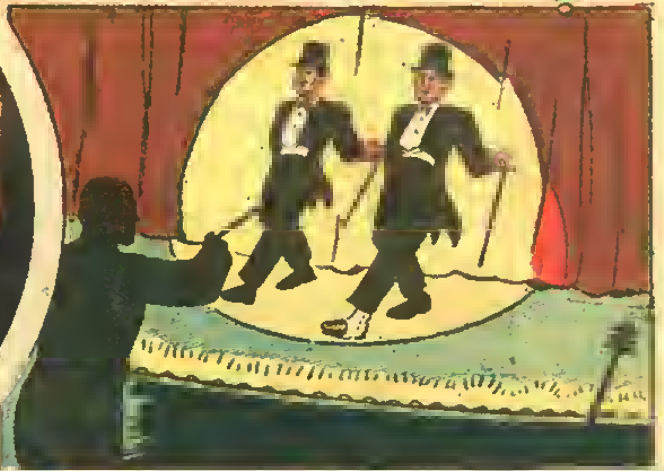
... AND PUNCHED CATTLE IN NEW MEXICO



THIS IS HOW I TURNED ON MY
WARM PERSONALITY



THEN CAME A BREAK IN VAUDEVILLE... WHICH
LED TO PARTS ON THE LEGITIMATE STAGE.



HE ESTABLISHED
QUITE A NAME
FOR HIMSELF,
IN DRAMA AND
IN COMEDY.
PARTICULARLY
HE WAS NOTED
FOR HIS
"JITTERY"
CHARACTERIZATIONS
LIKE THE ONE
HE DOES ON
HIS RADIO
PROGRAM.

... AND AFTER ROBERT FULTON GOT ALL
THE CREDIT FOR THE INVENTION OF THE
STEAMBOAT, I FELT DISILLUSIONNED
AND BITTER.

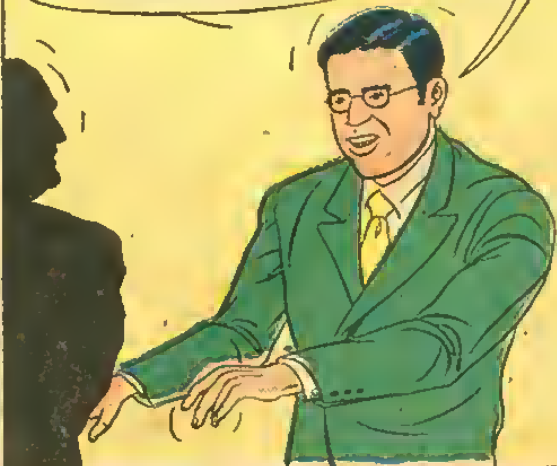


YOU MEAN, A DASH OF BITTERS?

YES, I THINK I WILL ... MAKE MINE
ANGOSTURA WITH SOME SHERRY...
WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT ARE WE
TALKING ABOUT?



OH, DON'T STOP THERE, FRANK..... I WANT
TO HEAR MORE.



FRANK, THIS MAN HAPPENS TO BE THE FAMOUS PROFESSOR SMITH, WHOSE CAREER AS A LAWYER AND PROFESSOR OF LAW HAS MADE HIM CELEBRATED ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.



OH, ER, LAWYER, ER, BAR, ... OH! I SEE I WELL, AS A MATTER OF FACT, I HAPPEN TO BE RATHER WELL-KNOWN IN THE LEGAL PROFESSION MYSELF, IN FACT MY GRAND-FATHER, SHYSTER MORGAN, WAS....

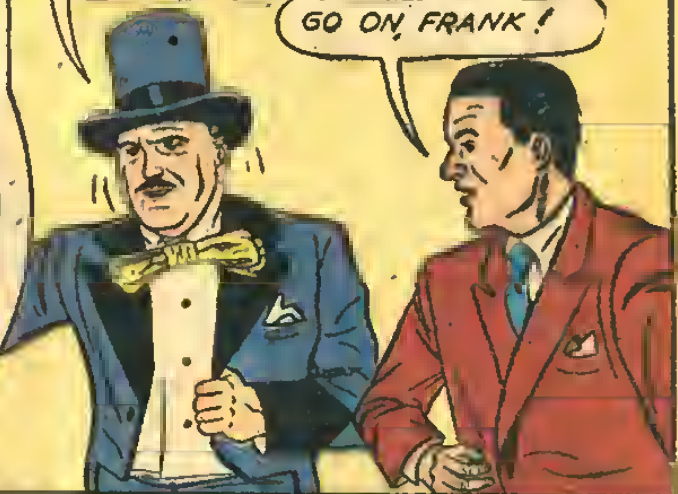


NOW, FRANK, SURELY YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE US BELIEVE THAT YOU KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT LAW AS THE PROFESSOR HERE...

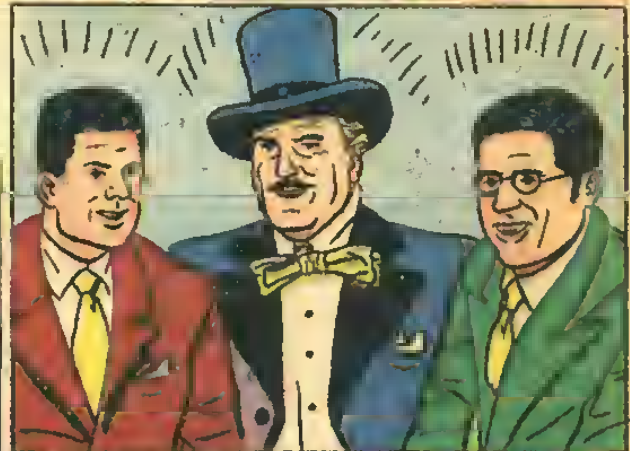
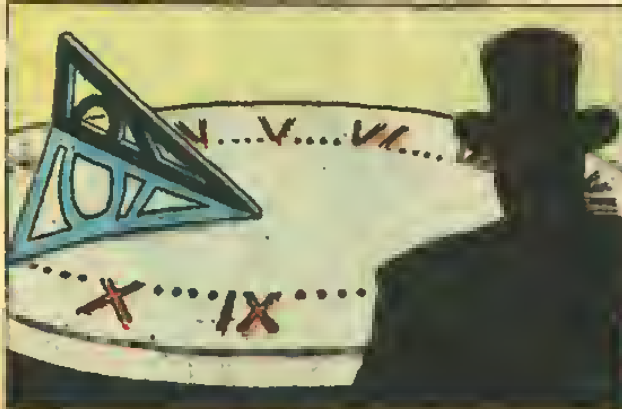


WHY, SURELY, JOCKIE, YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS?

GO ON, FRANK!



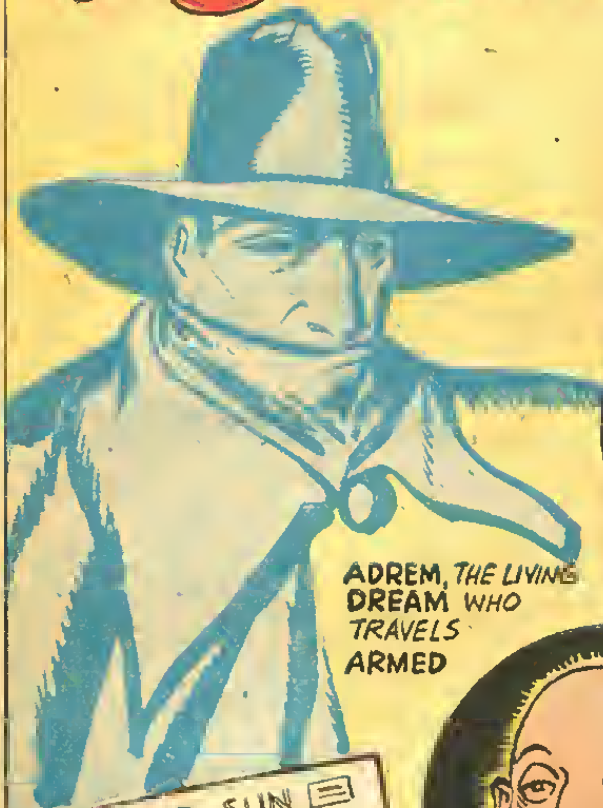
FRANK IS ONE GUY OF WHOM IT CAN BE TRULY SAID "HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS" ... BECAUSE HE NEVER CARRIES A WATCH. HE'S A GREAT READER, DRESSES CONSERVATIVELY, LOVES TO EAT, AND IS A TENNIS AND GOLF FAN.



DON'T FORGET TO TUNE IN FRANK MORGAN EVERY THURSDAY EVENING AT 8:00 P.M. EWT FOR MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE TIME IT'S GOOD TO THE LAST LAUGH!

The SHADOW

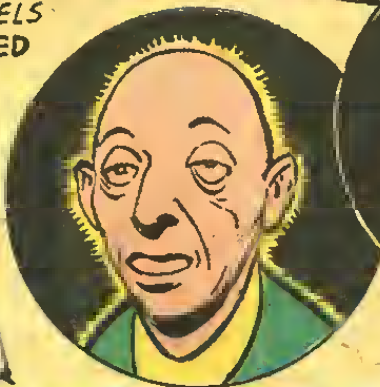
AGAIN MEETS The Terrible Three



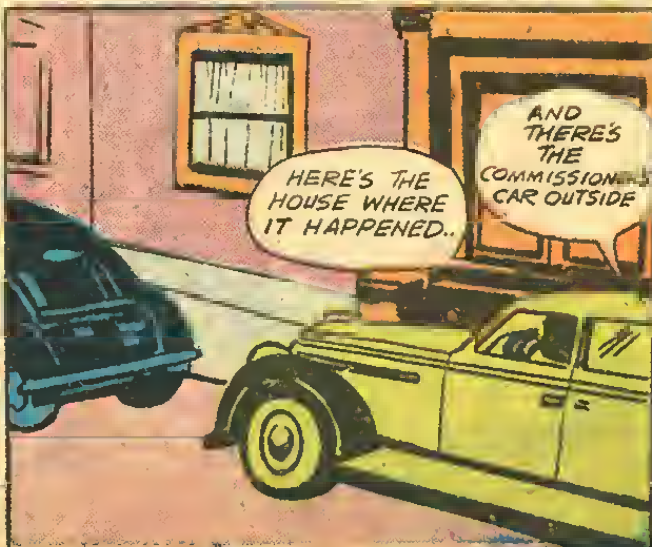
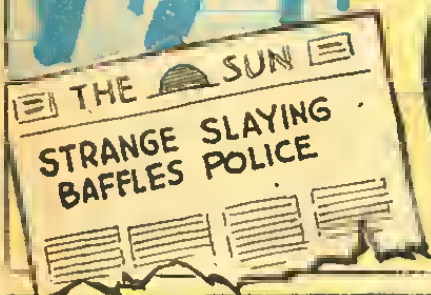
ADREM, THE LIVING
DREAM WHO
TRAVELS
ARMED

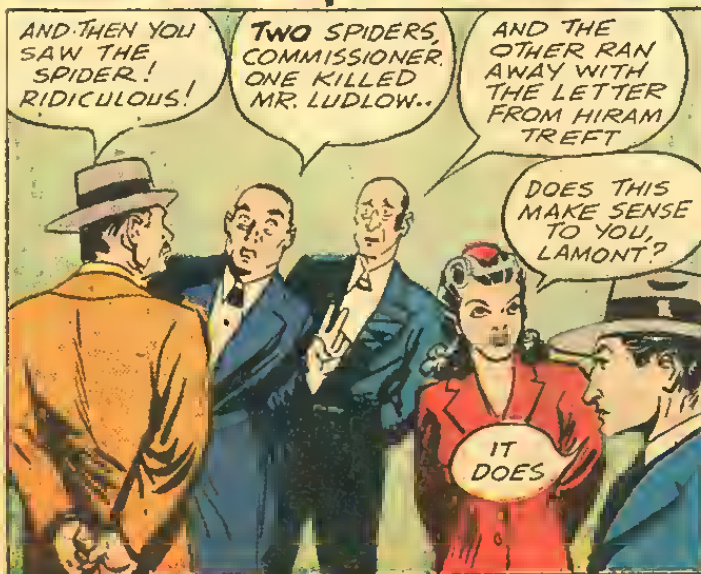


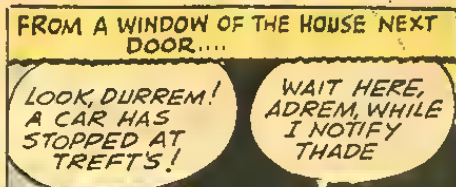
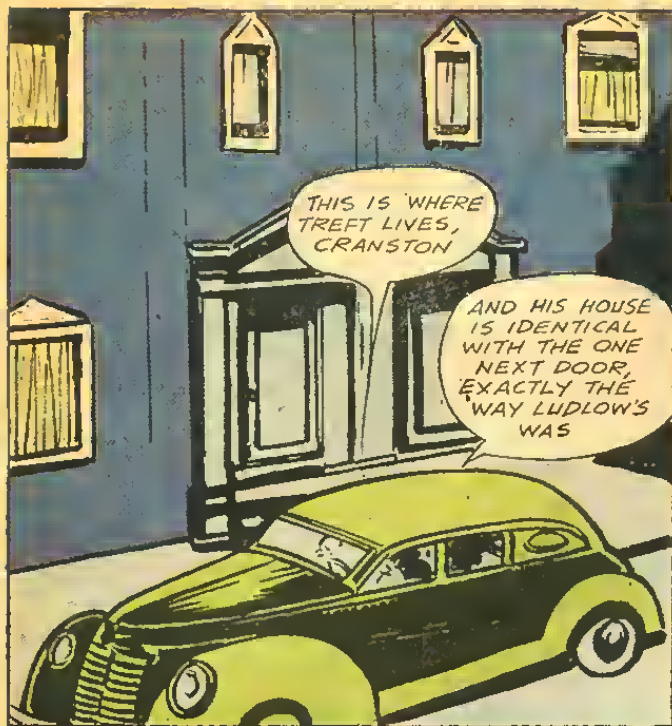
THADE,
WHOSE
HATED
NAME
SPELLS
DEATH

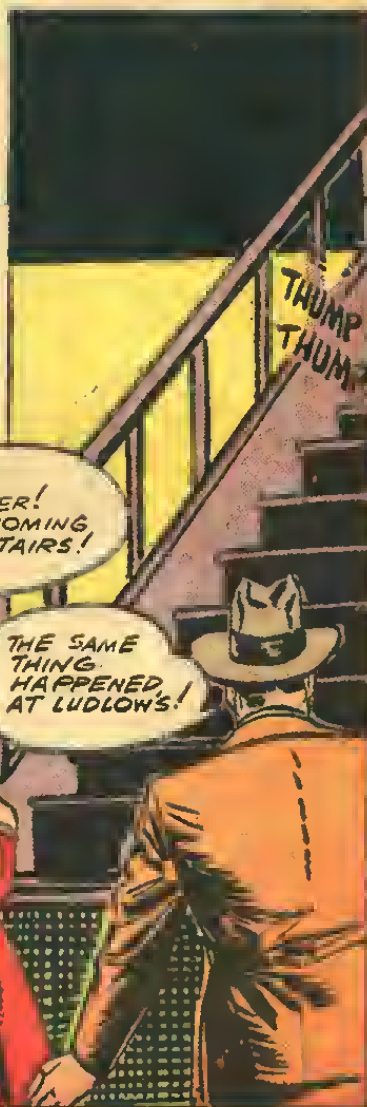
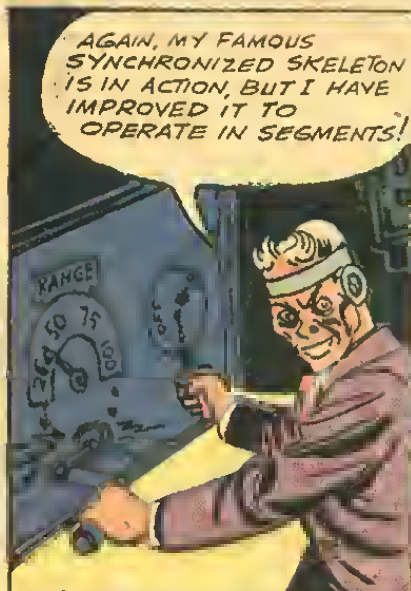
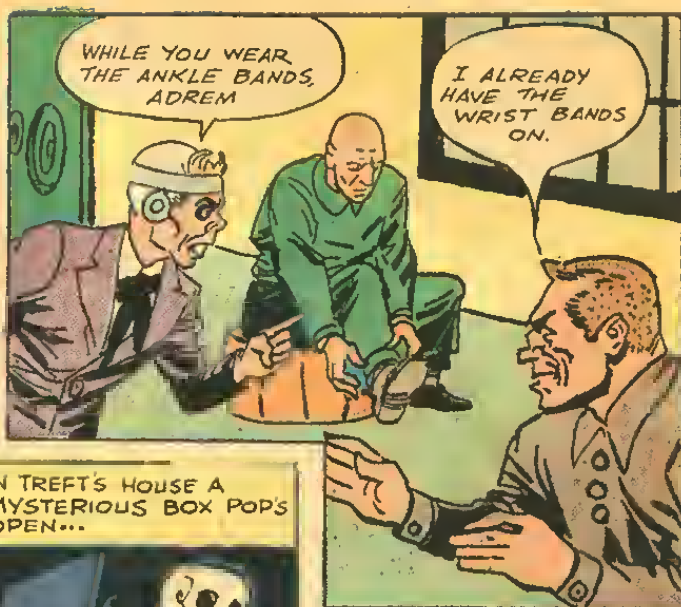


DURREM, WHO LIKES
RED RUM AND MURDER



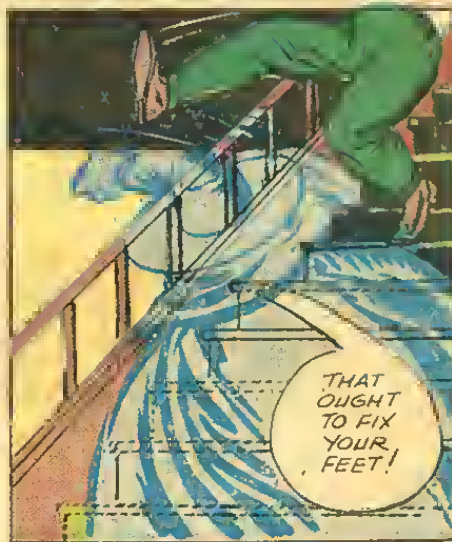




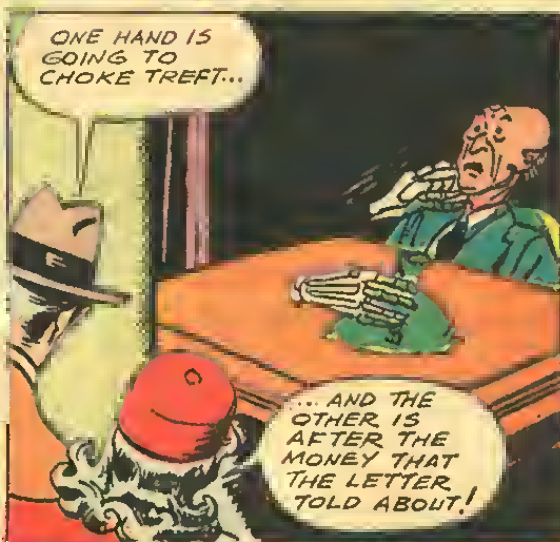




ACTING UNDER REMOTE CONTROL, THE SKELETON MEMBERS FOLLOW THE MOTIONS OF THE MEN NEXT DOOR.... GEARED TO THE EXACT RANGE, THEY ARE PRODUCING PANIC UNTIL **THE SHADOW** MEETS THE MEN RESPONSIBLE FIRST ADREM SUCCUMBS TO THE INVISIBLE FORCE AND **NOW IT IS THADE'S TURN !!!!!**









How to Make YOUR Body Bring You FAME

... Instead of SHAME!

ARE YOU
Skinny?
Weak?
Flabby?

Will You Let Me
Prove I Can Make You
a New Man?



Charles
Atlas

Holder of title,
"The World's
Most Perfectly
Developed Man."
As he looks to-
day, from actual
untouched snap-
shot.

Mail Coupon
For My
FREE BOOK

FREE BOOK "Everlasting Health and Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, mail coupon for this book today. AT ONCE. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 308A, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



I KNOW what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs. I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF ALIVE.

But later I discovered the secret that turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I'd like to prove to you that the same system can make a NEW MAN of YOU!

What "Dynamic Tension" Will Do For You

I don't care how old or young you are or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no rest if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a viselike grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can send new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you earn your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle!

Only 15 Minutes a Day

No "ifs," "ands" or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, jumpy? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful **HE-MAN**.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the trick! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the HORMANT muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 308A,
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.
I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City State

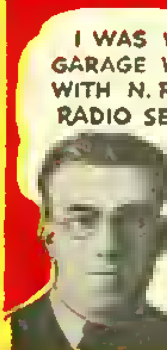
☐ Check here if under 18 for booklet A.

Do You Want Success Like This in RADIO



BEFORE COMPLETING YOUR COURSE I OBTAINED MY RADIO BROADCAST OPERATOR'S LICENSE AND IMMEDIATELY JOINED STATION WMPC WHERE I AM NOW CHIEF OPERATOR.

HOLLIS F. HAYES



I WAS WORKING IN A GARAGE WHEN I ENROLLED WITH N.R.I. I AM NOW RADIO SERVICE MANAGER FOR M----- FURNITURE CO. FOR THEIR 4 STORES.

JAMES E. RYAN



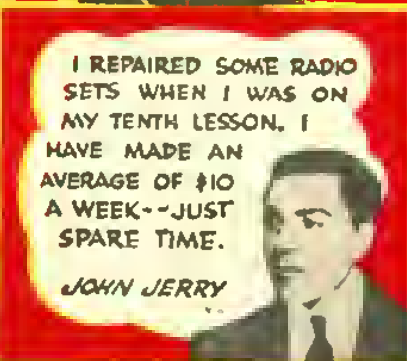
CLIPPING YOUR COUPON GOT ME STARTED IN RADIO. HERE AT AMERICAN AIRLINES I AM INSTRUCTING FLIGHT PERSONNEL IN AIRCRAFT RADIO EQUIPMENT.

WALTER B. MURRAY



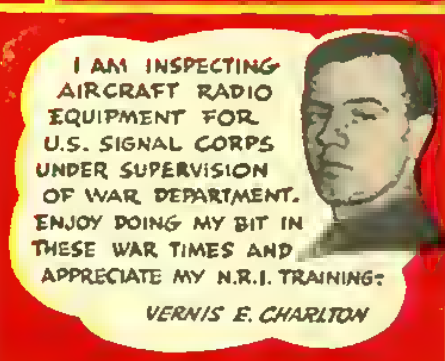
I HAVE A JOB AS ASSOCIATE INSPECTOR OF SIGNAL CORPS EQUIPMENT. I'M VERY PROUD OF THE CHANCE THE GOVERNMENT HAS GIVEN ME, THANKS TO MY N.R.I. TRAINING.

E.C. PRESTAGE



I REPAIRED SOME RADIO SETS WHEN I WAS ON MY TENTH LESSON. I HAVE MADE AN AVERAGE OF \$10 A WEEK--JUST SPARE TIME.

JOHN JERRY



I AM INSPECTING AIRCRAFT RADIO EQUIPMENT FOR U.S. SIGNAL CORPS UNDER SUPERVISION OF WAR DEPARTMENT. ENJOY DOING MY BIT IN THESE WAR TIMES AND APPRECIATE MY N.R.I. TRAINING.

VERNIS E. CHARLTON

Here's the Plan That Has Worked for Hundreds
Do you want a good job in a busy wartime field with a bright peacetime future? There is a real shortage today of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. So mail the Coupon for a FREE copy of my 64-page, illustrated book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs; tells how N.R.I. can train you at home in spare time!

I Send You Six Big Kits of Real Radio Parts

My "50-50 Method"—half building and testing real Radio Circuits, half learning from illustrated lessons—is a tested, proven way to learn Radio at home. Think how much PRACTICAL experience you'll get by building a Superheterodyne Circuit, and A. M. Signal Generator—by conducting 60 sets of experiments on these and other Circuits you build with Radio parts I supply!



More Radio Technicians Now Make \$50 a Week Than Ever Before

Fixing Radios pays better now than ever before. With new Radios out of production, fixing old sets, which were formerly traded in, adds greatly to the normal number of servicing jobs.



EXTRA PAY IN ARMY, NAVY, TOO



Men likely to go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should mail the Coupon Now! Learning Radio helps Service men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duties, much higher pay. Also prepares for good Radio jobs after service ends. Over 1,700 Service men now enrolled.

Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10 a Week EXTRA in Spare Time

Right now, probably in your neighborhood, there's room for more spare and full time Radio Technicians. Many N.R.I. students make \$5, \$10 a week EXTRA money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. I send EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that tell how to do it!

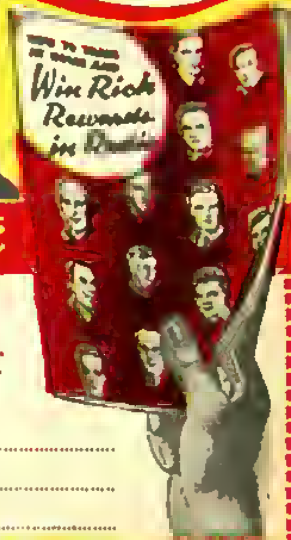
Be Ready To Cash In On Good Pay Jobs Coming In Television, Electronics

Broadcasting Stations, Aviation and Police Radio, Radio Manufacturers, and other Radio branches are scrambling for Operators and Technicians. The Government too needs hundreds of competent civilian and enlisted Radio men. Then, think of the NEW jobs that Television, Electronics, and other Radio developments will open after the war.

Get my FREE 64-page book—see the fascinating jobs Radio offers and how YOU can train at home. No obligation—no salesman will call. Just mail Coupon at once in an envelope or paste on penny postcard! J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4AE1, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Training Men for Vital Radio Jobs.

I Trained These Men at Home I Will Train You Too



THIS **FREE** BOOK HAS SHOWN HUNDREDS HOW TO MAKE GOOD MONEY

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4AE1
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

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